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THE CHANCE FOR POLITICAL WARFARE

ALL the world, as the Prime Minister has reminded us, may soon be involved in the general catastrophe. We may hope, though without much confidence, that Britain's warning to Japan, coupled with the firm attitude of Washington, may yet deter Tokio from setting the whole Pacific ablaze. In Europe Russian resistance is maintained, and there are signs, as Stalin has affirmed in his speech, of discouragement in Berlin. The Führer's latest speech had none of the confident note that recently announced the imminent destruction of the Soviet Union, while Dr. Goebbels thought it necessary to tell the German people they were now fighting for their national existence. Hitler's timetable has gone seriously astray. Just as Britain was not conquered in September 1940, so the New Order could not be proclaimed from Moscow in September 1941. German losses have been huge. In the Mediterranean the destruction of Italian convoys means that the British Navy is re-establishing its predominance, and that before long British convoys may be able to use the short route to the Near East. It is reasonable to hope that Britain may soon be in a position to clear the Italians out of North Africa and, by the right combination of military boldness and political warfare, to deprive Germany of effective aid from her Mediterranean ally.

Here is a position which gives to Britain rather than to Germany the initiative in political warfare. If Hitler had been able to announce the destruction of the U.S.S.R. and to parade the quisling governments in Europe as adherents of the New Order, it would have been difficult effectively to counter the argument that Britain was uselessly perpetuating a war against a unified continent. That is not the picture to-day. In our leading article this week we give some account, based on the best information available, of actual conditions in Europe. It is a scene of general misery and chaos. The evidence of Nazi corruption is incontrovertible and comes from every part of the Continent. Here is no Order guaranteeing food, employment and a stable society under the control of a German ruling class. The actual picture is of bitter, half-starved and rebellious populations working under conditions often amounting to slavery, while big business firms are retained by Nazi administrations who can be bribed by any who are rich enough and mean enough to pay for special privileges. For most there is economic misery as well as complete loss of freedom. Hitler has created a desert and calls it peace.

Peace offers from Germany in these circumstances will be rejected before they are made. We know that to accept them would mean only to allow the Führer time to prepare for his next conquest. Even if we could stomach the misery of Europe under the Nazis, we could not survive as free men on the edge of Hitler's continent. But we have not fulfilled our duty to mankind when we refuse to permit ourselves to be tricked by Hitler. If Hitler's New Order is a ghastly mockery, we must offer an alternative. It is not enough to say in the general words of the Atlantic Charter that we offer freedom from fear and want; no one who recalls the history of capitalist nations believes that anything of the sort will flow from the restoration of sovereign States or the domination of Anglo-American business. Moreover, political warfare should be based on an intelligible and positive programme. Ever since the beginning of the war this journal has urged that it was a lamentable mistake to confine ourselves to contemptuous refusals of Hitler's overtures; the right reply is a positive statement of the terms on which we shall be willing to make peace with the German people once they have overthrown the Nazi regime. To make such a positive reply to-day is even more essential than it was two years ago; the leaders of Germany have begun to prepare the German people for the necessity of a long war, and in order to maintain morale are beginning to urge upon them the catastrophic results of defeat. It is the path of wisdom to let the Germans know that catastrophe will indeed be their lot as long as their rulers attempt to dominate Europe. But every German should also have in his heart the knowledge that Germany's misery and degradation are the work of Hitler, that when the German war machine disgorges its conquests and the Nazis are destroyed, there remains in Europe a decent future for German people.

Repeating this obvious sense about propaganda we recall that one of the great obstacles is that such promises were made (often in good faith) in the last war. To-day, in the week of the Armistice of the war, we look at the horror and misery of the world with the terrible consciousness of our failure. It is not enough to attribute guilt to one nation, or to one group of politicians. We are confronted with the breakdown of human reason and we have undertaken, not merely to smash Hitlerism, but also to create the conditions in which poverty and war as well as Hitlerism will be expelled from our world. Idealistic phrases will not accomplish such a task; nor will retribution: only organisation on a sane basis has a chance. When we make promises we must plan to fulfil them; by planning to fulfil them we may yet convince the world that our propaganda is no mere weapon of war to undermine the enemy, but an honest statement of our intentions. Unless the structure of our society has become more just and equal during the war, it will be even less so when the war is over, and once again every vested interest which has strengthened itself during the war will seize the opportunity, as in 1919, to scrap the social controls of the war and regain its exclusive right to exploit the wealth and the labour of mankind for its private benefit.

Mr. Churchill with all his imaginative gifts shows no capacity to understand how deeply the fear of a return to the unemployment and the exploitation of the pre-war world haunts the minds of the common people of this country to-day; how prevalent this fear is among British soldiers and their wives. Nor does he appear to realise how the lack of a social, as well as of a political dynamic, rots the very foundations of British propaganda abroad. We still show no signs, as a nation, of being able to present to our potential allies now submerged abroad the pledge of a world worth dying and living for.

Home and Abroad (*by an Industrial Correspondent*)

"There must be no place after the war in the world for special privileges for either individuals or nations." The quotation is from President Roosevelt's address to the International Labour Conference, which finished its sessions in New York last week. With it went an outright denunciation of the Nazis and all their works. "Berlin," said the President, "is the principal slave market of the world." He went on to promise the fullest possible help from the United States, not only in winning the war, but also in devising "permanent cures," and not merely temporary relief, for the troubles which will beset the peoples on the cessation of the fighting. These are brave words; and there is every reason to suppose that Mr. Roosevelt means them. But has even he—much more, has the American people—realised how far they may be carried by them? What they mean for the United States I do not pretend to say; but for Europe they mean Socialism—for there is assuredly no way short of international Socialism of building a new order in which there will be no "special privileges for either individuals or nations." Socialism may indeed itself mean something rather different from the pre-war Socialism proferred by the Social Democratic and Labour Parties of Europe—something a good deal less bureaucratic and doctrinaire, but also a good deal more forthright and adventurous in dealing with whatever stands in its way. Socialism needs reinterpreting; but it is a safe statement that nothing short of the public control of the great financial and industrial monopolies and their operation apart from the profit motive can now serve as a foundation for the international system of social security to which the President bade the I.L.O. begin to prepare the way.

* * *

The I.L.O. Conference would have been well worth holding if only to elicit Mr. Roosevelt's speech. But it had also important work to do. One of the few remnants of the League organisation—and as a body with a record of achievement of which there is no reason to feel ashamed—the I.L.O., truncated as it is, has acquired a new importance, especially in relation to the making of plans for post-war reconstruction. It alone can now bring together the delegates of the neutral countries and the United States with those of China, India, Great Britain and the Dominions, and the exiled Governments and Labour movements of Europe: it alone in all the world can still speak clearly with an international voice. The most important thing said at the Conference was that the preparations for post-war work must not stop short at mere relief measures, but must be made with a view to long-term reconstruction on a basis which will enable the more advanced countries to provide both capital supplies and adequate markets for the more backward regions. This is the necessary beginning of all sensible talk about reconstruction in Europe or China and India or Africa. We hear for the first time since 1920 that it is now considered respectable in Congress to refer to the League of Nations, which suggests at least a dawning realisation of the need for some form of international organisation.

* * *

The American loan to the Soviet Union of one billion dollars under the Lease and Lend Act sets an important precedent. It is to be without interest, and repayment of the principal is not to begin until five years after the war, and is then to be made over a period of ten years, with provisions for payment in goods, at any rate of a part of the loan. It is understood that this definite provision for paying back the money or its equivalent was preferred by the Soviet Union to a vaguer arrangement. Of course, whether the loan will ever be paid off or not is another matter, which depends on the future course of the war and on the nature and spirit of the ensuing settlement. But the Russians undoubtedly have the will to repay, if they can; and they have better means of repaying than we have, because of their vast supplies of materials which are needed by American industry, and can be imported without incurring the hostility of American manufacturing interests. Repayment of our Lease-Lend advances from the United States will raise much more complicated issues, and will be possible at all only as the outcome of some sort of international economic planning designed to encourage exchanges on a basis of national specialisation of manufactures—a highly desirable thing, but not an easy one to arrange under the profit-seeking system.

* * *

I have been feeling for some time that I ought to be discussing more fully in these notes the whole problem of women's work. I have not done so, because I have felt uncertain about what ought to be done. On the one hand, the call for a rapid increase in the output of munitions obviously implies the need for bringing many more women into the war factories. On the other hand, there are too many stories of women who have been brought in standing idle for want of anything to do. The difficulty is, of course, partly that the women who are most readily available are not in the right places, and that transport and accommodation on the spot both present enormous problems in some of the big new Ordnance Factories. In other cases there is a shortage of skilled supervisors, which makes it impossible to man (or to woman) additional shifts. The phenomenon of women, drafted for war work, not being adequately used has a very bad effect. Inefficiency in organising war production causes much greater loss than direct failure of output. It lowers the tone of those in the war trades, and makes those who are in the less essential trades less ready to change their jobs. So far, the drive for more women's labour has been having more the effect of driving women into the less essential trades than that of inducing them to enter war work. This is the Government's own fault; for the system of registration and interview, as it has been worked so far, has encouraged women to believe that they are doing all they need do by replacing a man, even on non-essential work. The withdrawal of young women from a section of the distributive trades, and the requirement that they shall in future get jobs only through an Employment Exchange, may do something to alter this. But it is not good policy, or good for morale, first to chivvy unoccupied women into an unessential job and then promptly to chivvy them out again.

* * *

The agricultural labourers have got, not the £3 minimum for which they asked, but 56*s*., as against the basic 48*s*. conceded last year. Less could not have been awarded, in face of present living costs, and some counties have at once gone to £3. It should not be forgotten either that rural costs of living have for two decades at least been rising faster than urban costs, or that war conditions of scarcity tend similarly to raise country costs up to the urban level. Fifty-six shillings is to-day a very meagre wage; but, as the *Economist* points out, even this wage will make it harder for British agriculture to meet its costs when world markets are reopened. The *Economist* stops there: I should go on to say, first, that a tolerable living wage for the rural labourer is henceforth a *sine qua non*, and, secondly, that we cannot judge of its necessary effect on costs until we have really tried to reduce other costs of agricultural production by putting fresh capital into the land and improving our farming methods.

A Jewish Brigade

Dr. Weizmann's protest over the final refusal of the Government to permit the formation of a Jewish Brigade is very disturbing; it looks like a breach of faith. An explicit and detailed promise to further the creation of such a force was formally made by Lord Lloyd in October, 1940, shortly before his death. It was to be formed from 3,000 Palestinian Jews and 7,000 others, chiefly volunteers from America, under their own officers. The fulfilment was again and again postponed on technical grounds, until at last the admission was made that the real reason was political and the decision final. No new fact within our knowledge can justify this withdrawal of an official undertaking. If it were intended that the Brigade should operate in Palestine, the Arabs might well take offence, with possibly grave consequences. But the promise was that the Brigade should be formed in this island: clearly it must not be sent to Palestine; nor would we think North Africa or any part of the Middle East a suitable field for it. It is not quite clear whether the Jews asked for any *quid pro quo*: certainly none was promised. As we understand the Jewish case, it is that as the race which has more at stake than any other in this war, they wish to fight under their own name and their own emblems for survival, as Czechs, Poles and the Free French do. That strikes us as a reasonable and honourable ambition: it is not met by recruiting men as "Palestinians" in nameless units under officers of another race. But we need not argue the case: promises should be fulfilled.

Ally or Protectorate?

The agreement between the Emperor Haile Selassie and Great Britain still hangs fire. The position of the country is complex. We, South Africa and India conquered it from Italy, with some Ethiopian assistance, and we have naturally set up enough government to keep it in reasonable order, and to ensure the safety of our troops and the 40,000 Italians who remain there. Indeed, we shall have to occupy it till the end of the war; and that clearly involves control of roads, telegraphs and wireless. An interim agreement to that effect, to be revised at the peace, would be satisfactory to both parties. Soldiers often make good administrators, firm and fair, for short-term purposes. But such news as has appeared indicates that Britain means to go a great deal farther. The British are training and officering a new army and police force. They are instituting mixed courts, with British judges and prosecutors, for criminal cases which seem quite needless. Then there is to be a British Agent, and below him, apparently, a complete cadre of officials for finance, trade, justice and district administration. These are to act as "advisers." Are the advisers to remain the servants of the British Agent, answerable to him and thus to the British Government? And in cases where their advice at the centre may clash with the will of the Emperor, and in the provinces with that of the local Rases, is it to prevail with the help of the threat of British force? If our "advice" must be accepted, Ethiopia is not an ally, but a protectorate. If we impose a disguised protectorate upon Ethiopia, we shall instantly, at one blow, forfeit the goodwill of all Africans, who have staked their faith in our cause in the war upon this issue of Ethiopian freedom. The disguise would be transparent to Haile Selassie, a man deeply experienced in European dealings with coloured peoples. He is said to be suspicious of British good faith. We should like to be sure that he is not being coerced into accepting this agreement by withholding recognition of his position as Emperor—as if Ethiopia were ours to give away! Ethiopia should draw her advisers from different countries, and no foreign adviser should be a government official of his own country. On account of the dreaded invasion of South African serfdom, nobody from the Union should be invited to advise Ethiopia.

THE LOCUSTS

THE Greeks, naturally, have found a name for the Axis occupying troops, calling them "the Locusts." But the idea is general. In Luxemburg the people have rechristened the German nationalist movement, the *Volksdeutsche Bewegung*, V.D.B., as "Verein der Banditen." Locusts or bandits, the epithet is justified. The Axis troops have surpassed all records for looting. The Germans entered Brussels at 8 a.m. on a May morning. By 3 p.m. their military lorries were rolling towards the German frontier, packed with goods out of the warehouses. Nothing escapes their notice, from manuscripts out of university libraries, and pictures out of churches, like the Wit Stwosz triptych from Cracow, to jewels and silk stockings. A Japanese general, occupying commander of a city in China, displayed his connoisseurship by arriving with a complete list of all works of art in the possession of Chinese families. They were requisitioned by his officers and despatched to his collection in Japan. This treasure-hunting, however, embittering though it is to nations proud of their culture, is a relatively minor matter. The wholesale commandeering of raw materials, manufactured goods, food and livestock is far more damaging. It represents an incalculable loss in wealth in the occupied countries; hunger for all, and famine for many. Thus every sort of food was taken from Greece, where the people are living (and many of them dying) on a quarter of a pound of barley bread a day, and literally nothing else. Even in France and Belgium the rations include about half the food values needed to sustain health; cats sell for 125 francs on the Belgian black market. The German troops in Norway have requisitioned all the meat of the country; there is no ration, however small, left over for the Norwegians. Recently every blanket in Norway was seized, leaving the people to freeze in the winter of the North. In Poland the whole population is starving, and the Jews in the Warsaw ghetto are dying at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.

These seizures might be reckoned as a feature of conquest. But they are merely the immediate impact of a cold system of spoliation. This is largely contrived by currency-rigging. The currencies of the occupied countries, even those like Belgium, included in the German customs frontiers, are fixed at a rate enabling Germans to buy cheaply, and send their purchases home. The Belgian franc is fixed at 12.50 to the mark; every German soldier may send back a 10-lb. parcel each day; and there have been up to a million soldiers in Belgium at a time. The effect on large-scale export is that Germany maintains a favourable balance, even though she absorbs far more from the occupied lands than she returns; thus she takes the whole metal production of Norway, exchanging for it just enough coal and other materials to keep such Norwegian industry going as contributes to her war needs. The rest of Norwegian industry is moribund for want of coal and materials. Payments are everywhere effected through "clearings," and national banks are all deep in debt to the Reichsbank. Even the savings of the millions of imported workmen in Germany destined for their families are paid to the Reichsbank, and entered against the debt owed by their countries. Their national banks may, if they can, pay the equivalent to the families of the workmen. The occupied countries have to pay the expenses of the armies of occupation, set at a fantastic figure; and the surplus is spent by the Germans in acquiring businesses. A common device is to force businesses to sell 51 per cent. of their shares to Germans; but all which can be called Jewish, and many others, are simply requisitioned at the will of the local Gauleiters or "State Secretaries." It is an ironic paradox that highly socialised States suffer most from the locust devastation, for all national possessions are seized by the German State. Thus the Skoda is now part of the Herman Göring works corporation. The Belgian State arsenal works for the German army; it is consoling to hear that it lately supplied a million and a half empty cartridges. The Czech and Polish forests are being denuded so ruthlessly that soil erosion will prevent replanting. Only one item of the "green belt" policy is not being carried out. The industries of Poland, Central France and Greece are being spared, because of the destruction in the Ruhr by the R.A.F. Their products are needed; and Göring's order of January, 1940, to scrap Polish industry has been postponed.

Japan in the Far East pursues an exactly similar policy. She has seized such Chinese industry as was not destroyed in the Scorched Earth retreat. Her "Special Service" of the army holds a monopoly of the cotton cultivation of China, for which, however, it pays such bad prices that the peasants are growing foodstuffs instead, and production is declining. The Japanese have floated five different but unsuccessful currencies, since the people stick to the old money, backed by Britain and the U.S.A., and the Japanese "ghost money" has little value.

The Axis occupations, in their concentration upon stamping out resistance to their rule, aim at almost all classes of the people. Of course, they destroy political, judicial, and civil liberties. In Belgium, for instance, 2,672 elected town councils have been dissolved and 3,000 civic officials dismissed. The legal bodies are either abolished, as in Poland, superseded by parallel German courts for "political crimes" or resign, like the Supreme Court of Norway. The churches are systematically persecuted. Half the whole priesthood of Poland is in concentration camps. All monasteries are seized. In Luxemburg the monks and nuns were turned out at an hour's notice and run over the borders. The effect of religious persecution on a devout populace, such as that of Alsace-Lorraine, must be very deep. In Eastern countries, like Greece and Jugoslavia, the priests are killed and the churches desecrated. The two most important sections to be attacked are probably the students and the workmen. The universities on the Continent play a part the English can hardly appreciate; they represent opportunity, democracy, the future. In Czechoslovakia they were suppressed, after the massacre of November, 1940. Two hundred and thirty Polish professors are in concentration camps or dead. In Norway and Greece many professors have resigned or been dismissed, and the universities are dying. In Luxemburg and Alsace a small percentage of students are allowed to go to German universities, where they are sedulously "re-educated" in Nazi ideology; the rest are put to labour on the roads of Germany. The youth movements everywhere except in France are dissolved and, in the annexed countries, the *Hitler Jugend* is substituted. Secondary education is largely abolished, as in Poland, and where it continues the textbooks are changed for Nazi propaganda, and the teachers are "schooled" in Germany. Even in occupied France the schoolbooks are censored by the Reich. The education of children is conducted with more skill than other parts of this cultural campaign. Their lesson-hours are light, there is a great deal of gymnastics and singing of Nazi songs. In the East, Japan has similarly attacked education. Schools, universities and missions were picked out for destruction. The Chinese saved much of their education by transplanting it to the interior. But the sack of Nanking and the destruction of Pekin University concentrated upon killing students.

The workmen suffer most of all. Trade Unions are abolished or turned into the *Arbeitsfront*. Where they refuse to join the Nazi organisation they are forbidden collective bargaining. Insurance and ration cards are denied the unemployed, who with the decline of trade are constantly increasing. Employers are made to dismiss unmarried and childless men. These measures are used in the West to force workmen to go to Germany. In the Central and Eastern European countries they are simply deported; there is universal forced labour for men and women in the Polish Generalitat, from 14 to 60, and Polish war prisoners are also working in the German fields. No doubt the treatment of the imported workmen differs; they are not all forced to carry "P" on their breasts, as are the Poles whose employers are sent to prison if they treat them humanely. They are very generally sent to work in regions subject to British air raids. The Belgians reckon that some 6,000 of 200,000 Belgian workers in Germany have been killed. In China, the equivalent of this attack on the workpeople is Japan's deliberate degradation of the Chinese by opium. Pekin and Shanghai are full of opium dens; heroin addicts are created as fast as the Japanese army can manage. At a fair at Linfen every Chinese present was given an opium-smoking apparatus as an earnest of Sino-Japanese co-operation. Nothing like this drug policy, nothing so monstrously evil, has been pursued by any government in recorded history.

It is universally reported from the occupied countries that the German officials are inefficient and corrupt, so that the people live in a sort of sordid chaos. This is surprising, till one considers the type of man who would become the agent of such policy. Similar reports of Japanese corruption, especially among army officers, come from China.

The bulk of these facts are drawn from accounts of the occupied countries furnished by members of the Allied Governments to the London International Assembly, which meets periodically to establish contacts under the League of Nations Union. Two features are remarkable about them. They were separately prepared for each country, but they show a consistent plan applied by the Axis in Europe and in Asia. The policy is to denationalise the occupied countries; but much more to degrade and sometimes to destroy their peoples. No method, from starvation and spoliation to the suppression of higher education is omitted. The differences from East to West are of degree, not of kind. The second impression is a very curious one, and it is borne out by the resistance, strikes, and sabotage which increase in the occupied countries. It is one of inefficiency, on a long view. Many people have realised that there was much in favour of the New Order and the Co-Prosperity Sphere, if it meant great areas of planned or free trade and a heightened standard of living for the peoples. But these methods of domination mean neither the one nor the other. They merely mean general impoverishment for the benefit of Germany and Japan. Much more, they mean universal hatred. All the accounts agree that nobody is content with the new order save the tiny groups of Quislings whose lust for power it slakes; and in some countries like China and France, a few rich men and great industrials, who are not expropriated and receive some of the pickings. Hitler might have based his power securely upon benefits conferred upon his conquests. He has chosen to incur this universal suffering and resentment. This, it may well be, will prove to be the great mistake of Nazism; for the tide of hatred will, in the end, wash over his conquests and overwhelm them all.

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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A LONDON DIARY

Change No. 2 (which is the Bulletin of the Advertising Service Guild) consists of a Mass Observation report on the results of war propaganda in Britain. I hope that the whole Ministry of Information and other officials concerned with "Public Relations" are studying it like their Bible. Why have some campaigns, like A.T.S. recruiting, (which included the admirable poster of an attractive young woman which was idiotically withdrawn), been on the whole successful while others like "Wear Something White," have been complete failures? Why does press advertising work in the case of the Ministry of Food recipes, and not in so many other cases? A multiplicity of Government "appeals" cancel each other out. A common defect is "talking down" to the people—the first two invasion leaflets were awful examples. The third was much better, but at that point, it seems, the factor of "saturation" set in; and the advice largely went unread. The report attempts to define the qualities of leadership in terms of emotional identity with the people. This Mr. Churchill achieves in his greatest speeches. It is difficult to stimulate voluntary activity in a conscript war; people who try to do things on their own initiative are discouraged; they wait to be told. Sometimes appeals conflict, e.g., "Sell your straw," "Pulp your straw." The Ministry of Supply's "Pots to Planes" was a successful campaign, because for that type of appeal the spirit of plain, crude boost was appropriate. A factual documentary "short," like *Target for To-night*, comes off better than those which tell a story or rub in a moral or are acted by professionals. The Board of Trade's publicity on clothes rationing was clear, useful, and commanded attention. Propaganda must be related to a real object. The Empire Campaign fell flat because it was too remote and seemed "academic." No propaganda can deal with a situation such as that revealed in an appendix to *Change*. During the blitz at Plymouth the bombed-out citizen, in order to orient himself, had to trail round sixteen different offices. Once again the moral is straight information with explanation about why a thing has to be done. Then compulsion will usually be unnecessary.

* * *

The statement, apparently official, that Subhas Bose, recently a President of the Indian National Congress, has turned fascist and escaped to Axis territory, surprises me and I shall look for confirmation. When he vanished from Bengal my own guess was that he might have gone to Russia, of which he was a fervent admirer. My own impression of him was of a romantic and erratic but a patently disinterested man. As Mayor of Calcutta he did admirable work for the people of his city. As a young man he vanished to the Himalayas to seek God as a pilgrim and ascetic. Failing to find Him there, he went through college, endured for a daring act of revolt a long period of rustication, and finally entered the Indian Civil Service. When Gandhi called for "non-co-operation," Bose unhesitatingly obeyed, and flung over his official career. We have seen several kinds of quisling, and I know that the distorted idealist is the most tragic type. But I shall need better evidence before I believe the story that Bose has gone Fascist.

* * *

The sensible attitude adopted to Conscientious Objectors at the beginning of this war is not being maintained. Obviously, it is in the national interest to put them into the most useful jobs they are willing to do. This has been the policy of some, but not all tribunals, and, as war strain grows, it becomes more rare. In spite of the strong view of the House of Commons in 1939 that the country should this time avoid the humiliation of imprisoning men for their beliefs, the number of Conscientious Objectors in gaol at the end of October amounted to 519. In 470 cases the offence was refusal of a medical examination. Obviously these are all failures on the part of the Tribunals—men who have proved that their objection was sincere and who therefore should have been given civilian service.

* * *

A man who has recently been released after serving a three-months' sentence, tells me some interesting facts about conditions. He was sentenced at the same time and at the same court as another Conscientious Objector, both being taken to the prison together. At exercise time, when the prisoners were allowed to walk round the "ring" in the prison grounds in threes and talk, the two friends made for each other. When the Governor, on his rounds, noticed this, he forbade them to walk together, giving no reason for the prohibition. The Governor seemed to be ignorant of the regulations affecting Conscientious Objectors. He asked my friend why he had refused to submit to a medical examination, saying that, if he had consented, he could have been allowed to return to the farm on which he had been working. In the prison were a number of other Conscientious Objectors who, for the same offence, had been sentenced to six months with Hard Labour. (Incidentally, the difference between Hard Labour and ordinary imprisonment is now mainly that those sentenced to Hard Labour sleep without a mattress for the first fortnight.) Although two books were allowed, changeable twice weekly, there was little time for reading as, apart from the work done outside, a cell task was imposed, consisting of seven mail bags to be sewn every two days, each bag taking ninety minutes to complete. The time spent locked in the cell was roughly from 4.15 p.m. to 8.30 a.m., and from 12 noon to 1.30, including meal-times. Only by pretending that he was incapable of sewing more than five bags in two days, was he able to read at all, as lights out were at 9 p.m.

None of this is very serious, but some of it is silly. The variations in sentence and treatment raise the question, Why is it that Conscientious Objectors are not treated as political prisoners? It was Mr. Churchill himself who, when Home Secretary, passed regulations extending special privileges to political prisoners. A Conscientious Objector is a political prisoner if ever there was one, and I am glad that a protest is being sent to the Prime Minister against the refusal to treat them as such.

* * *

Harold Laski was outspoken in his Fabian lecture last Saturday. He only said what others have said when, with full recognition of our debt to Mr. Churchill, he spoke of the excessive concentration of work and authority in the Prime Minister's hands. But he went rather farther when he remarked that men who should be his colleagues were reduced to the status of under-secretaries, and when he regretted the "lost art of resignation." He quoted the case of Mr. Grenfell, who has had the unhappy experience of taking the blame for the quite inexcusable muddle by which thousands of miners, needed to produce the coal which is the basis of all other production, were taken off into the Army. Laski remarked that Mr. Grenfell might have noticed that Mr. Eden's great reputation in the country was based on a timely resignation.

* * *

I should like to put on record my gratitude to General Wavell who has in this war set a precedent which I only hope will be followed. Can one think of a single case in the last war in which any general or politician publicly stated, soon or long after the event, that a military disaster was due to his and not someone else's error?

Of the thousands of fine men who have died this week (most of their names are unrecorded) two were known to me—Frank Pick and H. W. Nevinson. If capitalists were all like Frank Pick the analysis of capitalism would need revision and most of the attacks on it would fall flat. Mr. Frank Pick was, I think, comparatively little interested in profits; he was absorbed by the excitement of making a big show go well. He was the managerial administrator, as opposed to the profiteering capitalist; he had a profound sense of responsibility to those whom he controlled and a real notion, as the posters of London Underground showed, that the world could be planned and that it need not be ugly. He was too individual to be a success at the Ministry of Information. He was used to being an expert with the opportunity of personal initiative; he expected power and was impatient with committees of clever people, who might know more of the subject than he did himself. He had the strong moral convictions of a Victorian Liberal, and he saw that propaganda was ludicrous and meaningless unless based on war aims that were explicit and sincere. As Director-General at the M.O.I. he drafted war aims and left when the higher authorities would have none of them. A story is told of Frank Pick and Mr. Churchill; I do not vouch for its truth, but it is characteristic of Frank Pick's mind and of the Prime Minister's gift of phraseology. Pick declared that he never told the public anything but the precise truth. After his departure the Prime Minister is believed to have said that he never wanted "that impeccable busman to darken his doors again."

* * *

I could write much of H. W. Nevinson, one of the few great writers and great men whose names will survive from this blood-stained epoch. Brailsford, who has known him ever since they were together in the Greek war of 1897, writes of him at length. My own memories of him only go back to an undergraduate meeting in Cambridge when he came to tell us, with the tremendous force of his subdued indignation, of the behaviour of the Black and Tans whom he had just seen at work in Ireland. A more recent incident should be remembered as typical of Nevinson's conversation and as a reminder of his fight in the women's suffrage movement. He had made one of these characteristic interventions at Chatham House, cutting through the discussion of less vital details with some remarks about human liberty. A woman admirer told him afterwards that once people had their liberties they forgot them as we forget the air we breathe. He shook his head at her: "And to think," he said, "that it was for you that I once bit a policeman!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to B. L. Jayson.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Inspired by the self-sacrifice, heroic resistance and indomitable courage of our gallant Russian Ally, the residents of Chatfield Hotel, Boscombe, organised a bridge tournament to raise money towards the cost of a tank for the Russian Army. —*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

Wanted bright General for godly Ulster household of nine; wages £16; use of harmonium Sabbath afternoons.—Advert. in *Belfast News-Letter.*

A baby girl has been born at Merrickville, New South Wales, with a "V" in the centre of her forehead—*Liverpool Echo.*

(Mr. Christopher Stone's broadcast of good wishes to the King of Italy).

The B.B.C., who at first declined to make any statement on the advisability of sending many happy return messages to the enemy, said later: "It must be understood that this is not the kind of message Christopher Stone would be allowed to send to Hitler or Mussolini."—*Daily Express.*

"Approved schools rank almost as high as some of the best public schools," the magistrate at North London juvenile court told a boy of 15, who said he would rather go to prison than return to an approved school. The lad was sent back to an approved school.—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE BALLAD OF YEA AND NAY

U. Saw cannot correctly claim "We are a united people" or "We have satisfied every reasonable test of fitness for full self-government."—*Times* Letter, 28th October.

U. SAW is come from the Burmese land the British Crown to greet,
And laid the case of the Burman race at the Empire's judgment seat;
They held debate on her post-war state between the day and the day,
Then the Lords of Law answered Hon. U. Saw and their answer was yea and nay.

U. Saw has left the judgment hall and called the Press to his side.
He said: "I came in my people's name, but I go dissatisfied.
Ye all have heard Great Britain's word in the Charter signed at sea.
The world must wait for Article Eight, but what about Article Three?
I ha' urged the case of the Burman race, but the Crown does not respond."
"Pipe down, pipe down," cries Amery Sahib; "Our word is good as our bond.
Let be, let be with Article Three; in other words, ha' done!
Would ye have us change to an order strange or ever the war be won?
Can your arms hold back the jackal pack or keep your land secure
From Bengal Bay to Mandalay and the borders of Manipur?
As breeds show fit for the sovereign writ, we set our subjects free;
Who holds the pledge of the British Raj, he needs no Article Three!"

That all may earn Home Rule in turn is near to Britain's heart,
But whose the hand to take command when the State keeps falling apart?
Can U. Saw claim in his people's name or with the Raj dispute
When up to date the Burmese State still lies in the realm of moot?
There are Mons to the left and Shans to the right throughout the Burman scene;
There are Karens here and Kachins there and Burmans wedged between;
We may not cease to keep the peace from Kiang-Tung to Arakan,
But if Hon. U. Saw wield the White King's law, then what shall we say to the Shan?
Kachins, Shans and Arakans with Burmans and Mons agree
Till the breeds unite, in Britain's sight, they must wait for Article Three.

Ye may find the track of the morning mist, ye may run the fawn off its feet,
Or ever ye gain a promise plain from the Empire's Judgment seat.
They ha' held debate on the Burman State between the day and the day;
The Lords of Law sat on Hon. U. Saw and the answer was yea and nay.

SAGITTARIUS

THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT

IT is not improbable that Lord Atkin's dissent in *Liversedge* v. *Anderson* will, when this war is ended, take its place with Lord Camden's judgment in *Entick* v. *Carrington* and the parallel dissent, in the last war, of Lord Shaw in *Rex* v. *Halliday*, as a classic vindication of a principle which Englishmen believe central to the maintenance of civil liberty. If, indeed, the Government is wise, it will adapt Regulation 18b to the criticisms passed upon it by Lord Atkin.

The point involved is a simple one. Regulation 18b gives the Home Secretary the power to intern any person if he has reasonable ground for the view that the interests of the State require it. Is "reasonableness" here a matter on which the interned person may appeal to a Court of Law? Or does it mean simply and solely that the Home Secretary is satisfied with the evidence placed before him? Four law lords take the latter view; Lord Atkin, with majestic emphasis, takes the former. He insists that in a country ruled by law the right of the citizen to appeal to the courts against executive decision is fundamental. He argues that there is no ground for supposing that this endangers the safety of the State.

Neither the House of Commons nor public opinion has ever liked Regulation 18b. To meet criticism, the Home Secretary set up an Advisory Committee to which every internee had the right to appeal. After seeing the papers, the Committee advised the Home Secretary whether detention was or was not justified. The Home Secretary is free either to accept or reject its advice. In about one hundred out of fifteen hundred cases the Home Secretary has rejected this advice.

It is surely clear that if the evidence in any given case can be submitted to an advisory committee, it can be submitted also to a court of law. All the precautions that secrecy requires can be organised in a court. The case can be heard *in camera;* if necessary, it could be heard in the absence of the detained person. But there would be three safeguards in judicial proceedings which the present procedure does not secure. There is the historic assurance of the independence of the tribunal; there is the duty then incumbent upon the Home Secretary to make a case for his decision capable of satisfying a court whose mission it is to safeguard the liberty of the subject as a matter not less vital to our future than the expediency of the moment; and there is the right to expect that what can be said for the internee will be as fully weighed with as much detachment as is humanly possible. For three centuries of our history these safeguards have been tested by experience. Nothing less than an actual condition of martial law ought to be allowed to interfere with them.

No one who knows the present Home Secretary will doubt for one moment his anxiety to exercise the immense authority Regulation 18b gives him with rigorous fairness. But neither will the present Home Secretary doubt that in a time of war a court of law will examine any submission he makes to it with a full sense of the urgency of the interests he is to protect. The question at issue is whether the safety of the realm is jeopardised by requiring him to give his reasons for an act which the law requires to be a reasonable act. If "reasonableness" means only what the Home Secretary thinks is reasonable, there enter into his decision subjective elements of a disturbing nature. The very fact that Mr. Morrison has differed on over a hundred occasions with his committee shows that to be the case. When Lord Atkin said in his dissent that the argument of the Attorney-General might well have been addressed to the Star Chamber he was speaking the literal truth. For the grounds upon which Sir Donald Somervell rested his case were exactly the grounds which gave the writ of Habeas Corpus its majestic place in our tradition. It cannot be argued that the Home Secretary is confident about the discretion he may exercise alone; otherwise he would not have appointed the advisory committee. It cannot be said that there is any case for an advisory committee that is not an even stronger case for the use of the classic procedure of our law. Unless it can be shown that submission to the judiciary by the executive puts the safety of the State in immediate hazard the violation of a supreme tradition is a misfortune which requires instant remedy. The Government must remember that it is to-day a commonplace among lawyers that the dissent of Lord Shaw in 1917 was justice, and not the majority opinion against him. So, we are confident, will it be with the dissent of Lord Atkin when the clouds of war have passed over. But the dignity of the nation requires that we show our confidence in ourselves now by making the correction which would remove a stain upon our self respect.

Lord Maugham's violent criticism of Lord Atkin's judgment in his letter to the *Times* raises an issue of judicial etiquette which, no doubt, will be settled by tactful discussion among the judges themselves. It is, perhaps, worth while to remark that the silence of Lord Atkin is not less emphatic than the indignation of his colleague. It is a silence more likely to be felt in history.

H. J. LASKI

H. W. NEVINSON

AT a ripe old age, with a shelf of books for his monument, Henry Nevinson has left a world which he enjoyed with irony, regretted by a bigger legion of devoted friends than any man of his time. He was always in rebellion against the great powers and the big battalions, and yet he was the most typical Englishman of his generation. English in his chivalry, his hatred of oppression, his passion for liberty, his taste for a life of adventure, English, above all, in his love for his mother-tongue, he was in revolt only because he had a finer sense for our traditional values than most of our rulers and teachers. No man was ever more unique: Nature does not fashion Nevinsons by mass production. Yet this paradoxical race of ours evolved in his day several rebels who lived in perpetual warfare because they were more English than the English. Wilfrid Blunt was one of them, Cunninghame Graham another. All three talked incessantly against prosperous injustice: each loved to wield a flashing sword single-handed on behalf of helpless nations, down-trodden workers or women; all three had heard the prison doors clang behind them; all three were artists who wrote with grace and power; and were there in this island three other men on whom Nature lavished so much physical distinction? But Blunt and Graham were aristocrats, who grew up in ancient houses on their ancestral estates and lived a life of leisure. Nevinson was a working journalist, who earned every penny he possessed by punctual industry. At the first glance at this handsome man, especially if one met him, as I did, in uniform and on horseback between two battles, one was tempted to ask if he traced his descent to some Elizabethan knight, for he looked like Raleigh and behaved like Sidney. This was the general impression; witness the Anglo-Indian bureaucrat, who said of him: "He looks like a gentleman and is no better than a Socialist." But, in fact, he came of a respectable solicitor's family, evangelical in its beliefs, long settled in the dullest of all provincial towns. His aristocracy of bearing and magnanimity of mind were not inherited: he won them in mental strife as he fought his way out of grimy streets and fettering doctrines. The real distinction of the man lay in the fact that he was not born free. It was the Greeks who first lifted him out of the Black Country, and to the end of his life the blood ran most happily

in his veins when he would recite to himself a Sophoclean chorus: if anything made him happier still, it was Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

The shaping influences that made this unusual man were in perpetual conflict. Half of him was the exact scholar, who shuddered at a false quantity or a suspicion of *cliché* or of slipshod English. Among the moderns I think he stood in debt chiefly to Goethe; for his knowledge of German, thanks to a stay at Jena University, was as exact as his knowledge of Greek. This disciplined Nevinson led the most regular, almost ascetic life, slept on a camp bed, rose early and worked steadily, undisturbed by temperament, through a long morning. Set him a subject, allow him a morning to deal with it, and punctually to the minute his "copy" would arrive, as neat and legible as a ledger entry, and never a word over the length laid down. But the essay itself was a creation of fire and fancy; sometimes playful, sometimes grave. His best vein was irony; but when his anger and pity were stirred, there was, underneath the grace and restraint of his style, a glow of subdued passion that could scorch. In the background was a memory enriched as much by careful reading of the classics as by the experiences of a life of movement.

A romantic lived in the same body with this scholarly classic, and they seemed to understand each other: each knew his place. This other Nevinson would pack his bags in a glow of excitement for Moscow or Delhi, Cuba or Angola, Ladysmith or the Dardanelles—anywhere on the wide earth where men were struggling. "Where freedom is there is my country," said Benjamin Franklin. "Where freedom is not, there is mine," was Tom Paine's answer. Nevinson was of Paine's opinion, and always his pen was used to help the forlorn hope. This romantic had read in his youth, to some purpose, Carlyle and Ruskin, as the classic had read Goethe and the Greeks: both left their traces on him, as William Morris and Edward Carpenter also did, but never Marx. What was his attitude to war? In his younger days a boyish love of soldiering, even a pride in its pomp and picturesqueness; in later life a humane horror of it, which never wholly overcame his almost professional interest. These conflicts were the man, and the perfect expression of him was his irony. The romantic was never entirely over-awed by the classic in him: the classic knew all the romantic's foibles. And so they fought with buttoned foils, and never to a decision.

Some of the many whom he helped will lay a wreath on his grave. But it was usually the vanquished cause that pleased this Cato. Only the women, for whom he did so much, won their battle in his lifetime—the women and the Irish. The Indians are not yet free; the Greeks are enslaved again, and it was not the victorious revolution he served in Russia, but the abortive struggle which preceded it. It was characteristic of the man that the clients for whom single-handed he achieved most were the dumb and nameless victims of the Angola slave trade, who could not read his name on his tomb nor recognise it if they heard it. If the love of adventure accounts for some of his wanderings, it was his passionate humanity that carried him through the ambuscades and pestilences of the cocoa islands and the forests of the African mainland. He came home with a tropical disease which plagued him for several years, and then, his book written, set himself the far harder task of ending the wrong he had exposed. This he did in flat disregard of his professional interests, and at last with success. But he was always ready to countersign a protest to his own heavy loss, as he did when he resigned his post on the *Daily News* on the suffrage issue.

Englishmen are never slow to recognise courage and selfless devotion when they see it, more especially when the knight-errant is clothed in good manners and social charm. Nevinson's personality will live as an almost legendary figure in the records of our time: already I have met him, hardly disguised, in two or three novels. But do we recognise an artist as surely? For himself he made no claims: he was, I think, the most modest man I ever met. His zest and interest were in life, in his friendships, in the causes he served and the beauties of other men's work; but of his own rank as an artist he was completely unconscious. He thought of himself merely as an experienced and competent journalist. Much of his work was, indeed, ephemeral, but how good even this is! His early novels were immature work. His few poems, on the other hand, perfect in form, reflect, with a passionate intensity which he rarely reached in his prose, some facets of his personality. What he practised supremely well was the peculiarly English craft of the essay. He poured out these little works of art from week to week over many years to fill the hungry pages of the *Nation* and the *New Leader*. His creation, Mr. Clarkson, through whose imaginary eyes he saw contemporary England, reminds us at times of Anatole France, though Nevinson's satire was English in its gentleness. His essays, if the best of them were collected, would rank him with Hazlitt or Leigh Hunt. Certainly in our day no man has written better English, and he had, what a good essayist must have, a personality that can reveal itself legibly and lovably, yet without poses or attitudes, on every page. But it is Nevinson's autobiography, *Chances and Changes*, and its sequel, that assure his place in our literature. Here is the life of his generation seen through the eyes of a man whose only vice was generosity. The charm and power of the book lie in a simplicity that was not affected. He would deplore his own inability to understand economics or any of the more pretentious philosophies. Rather than Plato, Xenophon, who also travelled dangerously, was his favourite. Yet with sudden flashes of ironical insight he knew how to light up those vanished years. Did we guess, while we lived through them, how exceptional they were in their liberal humanity? Men will look back upon that England and find it lovable, because it had Nevinson for its chronicler.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST

THERE is a common admission that the Church might play a valuable part in the moulding of the new society, which all decent men hope will follow the war. Francis Williams, for example, has declared that, in a world necessarily dominated by materialistic considerations, it is of vital importance that there should be a voice to remind men that they have souls as well as appetites, and Williams added that, from its established place in the pattern of the community, the Church could fulfil that duty better than any other body.

But there is, outside its ranks, reasonable doubt whether the Church will use its still considerable influence on the right side in the struggle against social evils and in the attempt to secure a decent life for the commonplace majority. With my years of experience within the Church I share this doubt. In a review of my book, *The Church, Impotent or Triumphant?* the Bishop of Bristol said that my plea for a united Christian effort to establish righteousness on earth would have an eager response from a few and would be a rock of offence to the many. And the Bishop of Bradford, another courageous Left-wing prelate, has declared that the Church is sadly handicapped by its dependence on the well-to-do who make up the majority of the congregations.

As editor of the *Church Times*, I tried, week after week for years, to emphasise the social implications of the faith. But my readers, for the most part earnest Anglo-Catholics, were far more interested in ecclesiastical *minutiae* than in social reform.

To the Christian Socialist, whose hope it is that revolutionary social and economic changes may be brought about with the minimum of strife and suffering, the obvious duty of the Church is to make the comfortably pious piously uncomfortable. But that is a risky business. An outspoken sermon on the text, "It is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven" would probably seriously affect the Sunday collections and the Easter offerings, on which many of the clergy depend for a substantial part of their incomes.

It is calculated that some 17 per cent. of the population are more or less regular churchgoers. With a few exceptions, the Mayfair churches are nearly empty. So are most of the churches in the East End. In the villages, as a general rule, the farm worker goes to church to be married, insists that his children shall be baptised and wants to be buried with the Church's rites, but he is rarely seen at any ordinary service. Many Roman Catholic churches have predominantly working-class congregations, but in the Church of England and the Free Churches the congregations are mainly recruited from the middle and lower middle classes. Churchgoing is highest in the outer London suburbs and in the residential towns. This is true of the South of England. Conditions are different in the north. And it is disconcerting that in districts where the church attendance is largest, the Tory majorities at a general election are overwhelming.

The average churchgoer has an adequate income and some savings, and he is in mortal terror of losing them both. As I have before insisted, the small capitalist is, morally and spiritually, one of the worst victims of the capitalist system. Small savings make cowards of us all. The rich man in his castle is more likely to be moved unselfishly to join the crusade for the new society than the comparatively poor man in his semi-detached villa, bought on the instalment principle at considerable personal sacrifice.

Their Lordships of Bristol and Bradford are right. Christian Socialists and the larger number of Christians, who without counting themselves Socialists would heartily support the overthrow of the profit monger, are a minority of a minority. But a little leaven may leaven the whole lump.

The Christian Socialist movement derives from Kingsley and Maurice. The social teaching of these Broad Churchmen was inherited by High Churchmen like Scott Holland, Gore and, on the extreme Left, Stewart Headlam, the leaders of the Guild of St. Matthew and the Christian Social Union. The movement to-day is carried on by the Socialist Christian League, a small undenominational body, the Catholic Crusade, a still smaller High Church society led by Conrad Noel, and less definitely by the Industrial Christian Fellowship, which was responsible for the Malvern Conference. The I.C.F. is well organised and wisely led, and it constantly publishes admirable propagandist pamphlets, the conclusions of which would be approved by Professor Harold Laski.

The Malvern Conference, with the Archbishop of York as its president, and with diocesan bishops and other dignitaries among its members roundly denounced the profit mongering basis of society as contrary to the will of God. Dr. Temple is a man of outstanding ability and clear cut convictions. It would not be unfair to describe him as the Red Arch-

bishop. But, as it seems to me, it is unfortunate that he hesitates to take the lead in united Christian political action, without which Malvern's pious resolutions will probably have little practical result.

There is still among the clergy a rump of the well beneficed who believe with Dr. Inge that it has been divinely ordained that the poor shall be always with us and that they have to make the best of it. But there are hundreds of Church of England priests, some of them enthusiastic, many more bewildered, who are praying and, given leadership, would eagerly work for a common life in accord with the teaching of Christ.

As I understand it, the Christian Socialist position is something like this. The Church has declared that if you convert the slum dweller or, perhaps, the slum landlord, a far harder job, the slum will disappear. The Christian Socialist declares that destroy the slum and you give both the slum dweller and the slum landlord a far greater chance of salvation, by which he means a life that is useful, comely and satisfying on this earth, as the prelude to a fuller life in the world to come. John Clifford, the famous Baptist preacher said that liberty, equality and fraternity are the basis of Christian social order. That is Christian Socialism.

In this article I have been almost entirely concerned with the Church of England because of my particular knowledge of that church. Nonconformity has lost a large part of the political influence that it had until the beginning of the last war. But good social doctrine is preached from many Free Church pulpits without, I fear, much effect on the prosperous deacons. While gifted Roman Catholic writers like Christopher Hollis are among the most vehement critics of democracy, there is in the Roman communion a Left-wing movement, inspired to some extent by the writings of Jacques Maritain. This movement has been focused in a society called the Sword of the Spirit, of which Christopher Dawson is the president. Its sentiments are admirable but its practical suggestions are decidedly woolly. It should also be noted that no English religious publication has shown a more sympathetic understanding of the need for a new social order than *Blackfriars*, the organ of the Dominicans, who, be it remembered in their honour, refused to take sides with Franco in the Spanish civil war.

SIDNEY DARK

WASHING

THERE are a number of things that increase one's optimism in these days. One of them is the sight of the washing hanging from the line in an infinite number of back gardens every Monday.

If I remember right, George A. Birmingham once wrote an essay humorously protesting against this endless display of underwear to the eyes of the railway-traveller approaching an English city or town. Even the most beautiful town, he declared, could be reached by train only between two rows of backyards or gardens aflutter with shirts, combinations and all sorts of garments—an unseemly spectacle.

I have never been able to understand this antipathy to the public display of washing. Comic it used sometimes to be when a pair of combinations ballooned into a lifesize puppet in the wind and swung backwards and forwards on the line. For some reason or other the underclothes of human beings look extraordinarily ridiculous when the breeze takes them in hand and shapes them into caricatures of the lords and ladies of creation. But the sense of the beautiful is not offended. If the old-fashioned nightshirt was fit to wear, it was surely equally fit to hang on exhibition on the line, whipped and tossed into extravagant shapes by the winds of Heaven. It was a Victorian notion about propriety, I fancy, not an aesthetic, moral, or religious impulse, that originally led to the dislike of seeing other people's washing.

That this dislike persists even in these loose days, however, was shown a few years ago when a man and his wife had to appear in court on a charge of hanging out their washing, not only on every day of the week but on Sundays. They pleaded that it was only the baby's washing that was hung out on Sundays, but even this failed to melt the heart of the judge. The neighbours, it appeared, objected to having to entertain their friends in view of waving shirts and whatnots; and the judge seemed to agree that a permanent haberdashery show might become a nuisance. "The conclusion I have come to," he declared, "is that it would be unreasonable to restrain them from indulging in a very considerable display of washing. On the other hand, it is unreasonable for that display of washing to be put out at such a time when the neighbours want to entertain their friends." Hence, in a judgment worthy of Solomon, he granted an injunction restraining the man and his wife from "hanging out washing on Sundays or after 2 p.m. on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays." As regards Mondays and Tuesdays, there was no restriction.

This judgment, though an excellent example of the English genius for compromise, seems to me rather dangerous in its implications. It suggests that the neighbours have the right to decide that anything is a nuisance which they consider a nuisance and to be protected against it by the law. Yet, if the neighbours do not consider the sight of washing a nuisance on Monday, by what process of reasoning can they argue that it is a nuisance on Sunday or after 2 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday? The Sunday objection may spring from a legitimate Sabbatarianism, but the dislike of seeing washing in the second part of the afternoon, so that washing that is tolerable at a quarter to two becomes intolerable at a quarter past, can be due only to a feeling that hanging shirts in the garden in the afternoon is a thing that is "not done" and that it lowers the tone of the neighbourhood. Suppose, however, that people complain that a householder is lowering the tone of the neighbourhood by standing at his garden gate on Sunday morning, smoking a clay pipe and with three days' growth of beard on his chin; is he, too, to be restrained on the ground that he is causing a nuisance? I have heard of a man who set up rows of empty beer-bottles as borders to the path that led from his gate to his front door, and I have no doubt that it was generally felt that he was lowering the tone of the neighbourhood; but I doubt whether those who lived in the same street could have won a case against him in court. It has been easier so far to win a case against a neighbour who offends the ear—a trombonist, for example, who sits up playing till three in the morning—than against one who offends only the eye; but the judgment in the washing case opens up new possibilities of prosecutions for offences against the eye; and we may yet hear of a man's being proceeded against for exposing his braces while sitting in a deck-chair in his garden during a heat-wave.

As regards this washing business, my tolerance of the clothes-line may be due to memories of the first washerwoman I ever knew. She was a little old saint—a member of the Salvation Army—who went to her work in the scullery to the tune of "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder," "Hold the Fort for I Am Coming," "Pull for the Shore, Sailor," and many other admirable hymns. She was always singing and always cheerful, and with all her piety she never preached. How often have I watched her toiling like a Stakhanovite and been infected with her happiness! It was a pleasure in such company to turn the handle of the mangle or to carry the clothes pegs to the line in the garden. I think I could still enjoy turning the handle of a mangle for her sake. The deep devotion in which I held her is shown by the fact that the walk I liked best was the walk to her little low house in Sandy Row, where, gazing at a delph statue of King William III that was the pride of the mantelpiece, I was plied with hot buttered potato cake, otherwise known as fadge, but never nobly enough named. That she had a son who drove a chemist's cart and used sometimes to let me sit beside him on the high box seat as he went about his errands also helped to endear the family to me, and make me think highly of the profession of washing.

Whether the modern large-scale laundry produces the same sancity of character as the washtub I do not know. Possibly the bitter complaints of a number of unreasonable people about laundries may have provoked a corresponding bitterness in the laundresses. There are people who talk as though a laundry could do nothing right. I have heard a man say: "All that I ask when I send a dress shirt to the laundry is that it will come back at least as clean as when it was sent." My own experience does not confirm this dark view of the laundries. I am constantly amazed by the way in which they keep providing me with fresh relays of clothing as good as new or as near this as I want. Everything spick-and-span and nothing missing. It seems to me something like a weekly miracle.

Still, much as I am indebted to laundresses, I have no ties of affection with them such as I have with washerwomen. I have never felt any emotion at sight of a laundry: at sight of the washing in a backyard, on the other hand, I may be swung from depression to cheerfulness in the course of a few seconds. I did not realise the powerful influence of a well-laden clothes-line till the bad air raids reached London last year. But I confess that when, travelling to London by train during those days, I caught sight of one garden after another filled with the Monday washing, I could not help enjoying being a member of the human race. It all looked so splendidly normal. A street might show the marks of a raid, but Johnnie's shirts had to be washed even though the heavens fell. Even within a few yards of battered ruins on the way to London Bridge, the Monday washing was hung out to dry as in the days of peace. The ritual was observed even in the rainiest weather. Why women hang washing out to dry in wet weather is a mystery beyond my power to fathom. Perhaps, it is the outcome of that tendency towards ritualism that influences so many of our habits.

Whatever be the explanation, the sight of that inevitable Monday washing always did me good—as much good, say, as a small whisky and soda. One of the things that make for cheerfulness is a sense of the continuance of normal life, and in abnormal times that sense is strengthened by the spectacle of all that family washing in all those backyards and gardens. There are pessimists who believe that civilisation will collapse one of these days. I will never believe in the possibility of this till Englishwomen cease to hang out their washing in full view of the travelling public on Monday. The day on which it will be possible to travel from Dorking to London on a Monday and see not a single shirt or suit of pyjamas waving in the wind in the garden of any little bungalow or villa—on that day I shall certainly succumb—temporarily, at least,—to despair. Those who think family washing on a clothes-line unsightly should try to imagine what England would look like without it. Would the approaches to town seen from the train be any prettier for its absence? To me they would seem parts of a desolation. Washing and roses and Michaelmas daisies and runner beans—these are to my mind inevitable and beautiful manifestations of the spirit of English home life. A Monday without the washing would be a Black Monday indeed.

Y. Y.

THE MOVIES

"Ships With Wings," at the Gaumont
"Santa-Fe Trail," at Warner's.
"The Great Awakening," at London Pavilion.

This is a week of the dumps, except perhaps for *Hatter's Castle*, which I shall discuss next week. Another English film, Michael Balcon's *Ships With Wings*, has an admirable subject but—with or without wings—misses the boat. *Ships With Wings* struck me with something of a shock. It is a throwback in English films, reminding us of a time when we should have been encouraged to see even this level of activity in our studios. The characters in this drama of the Fleet Air Arm are beautifully stage-English, so much so that after a while not only their gestures and accents, but the words they utter can be anticipated. What should the young airman talk about when he takes his wife in his arms to say goodbye? ". . . the love of a true woman—and I thank God for that." A girl meets an old friend on an out-of-the-way Greek island: surely there is a word to establish the contact? "Dr. Livingstone," she says, brightly, "I presume." Such clichés—the opposite of wisecracks—give *Ships With Wings* the deadly Englishness without which, at one time, no English film was complete. Its effect to-day is to cast a spell of unreality. We don't believe in any of the characters in *Ships With Wings*, we don't care who marries the admiral's daughter or who gets dismissed the service; we expect to find Italians with whiskers, Nazis with monocles, and a grand finale of bombing, in which the Axis partners get hell. Even the thrills don't thrill us to the point where we can forget that we are looking at well-constructed miniatures in a studio. The only genuine part, so far as I was concerned, was the aircraft-carrier (life-size and actual); there was one moment when firemen in asbestos suits turned out to deal with a crash landing which suddenly tapped reality and made the rest of the film look silly. I am not, let me add, scornful of Boys Own stories about the war as such (*Pimpernel Smith* came off) but *Ships With Wings* seems to me bad Boys Own.

Santa-Fe Trail and *The Great Awakening* are both genre pieces and perhaps should be judged as such. The first is Kansas in the 1850's, all trails and frontier posts and bugles and dust and rival officers and Olivia de Havilland in lace during the intervals. All this for those who like it. (I do, twice a year), while the story of John Brown and stirrings of the Civil War are thrown in. John Brown, played with Old Testament vigour by Raymond Massey, rather twists the picture out of gear. Some confusion seems to have entered the mind of the director about the best way of dealing with so bristly a figure, who will be neither hero nor villain nor great man in the background; the result is that he is made too unsympathetic, his supporters are nearly all toughs, the negroes are kept well out of view, everyone is made to say, "John Brown may be right, but his methods are wrong," and when he is hanged a tear or two of righteousness are shed. This film just escapes from its genre, without, however, being as exciting as it should be.

The Great Awakening is another rigmarole of Schubert. A vignette is provided by two lovers (modern) going to a concert, having a row, glowering through Schubert's 7th Symphony and Rosamunde Overture, making it up during the Ave Maria, and going home happy. Meanwhile, we have been given glimpses of what is supposed to be Schubert's life during the composition of these masterpieces. Most of the incidents, which include book-keeping on a ranch and falling in love with the woman who runs it, are wildly apocryphal, though Alan Curtis, as Franz Schubert, shows a disarming and wholly American seriousness in the part. Ilona Massey, as his inspiration, tries to get him jobs, visits Beethoven, and finally leaves him because bread-winning has begun to interfere with music. *The Great Awakening* is pure genre (lucky Keats, that Hollywood hasn't a similar taste for poetry!), a musical sugar-cake which all but the concert-goer will enjoy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PICTURES FOR AMERICA

The Redfern Gallery is showing a collection of water-colours or, to be exact, part of a collection, destined for America. It is to be hoped that their lead will be followed by other galleries and by groups of painters; for only in this way are we likely to give American amateurs what those best qualified to ask are asking for. The collection of British pictures sent to the World's Fair was such a mixed bag, and so curious in its omissions, that though many good things were included, it appeared to some not only inadequate but insulting. I understand that what remains in America is now being strengthened and, let us hope, purged, before being sent on tour. To admit that the British War Pictures were received by the polite American public with moderately well-concealed smiles is to betray no secret. Yet that public believes, and rightly, that we have things to send worth sending. They will not be sent, however, by any official body except in such a way as to cheat them of half their effect: they will travel in the mixed bag—the diplomatic bag. For official exhibitions are the spawn of committees, and committees are the same all the world over: inevitably, they seek compromise and compromise makes nonsense of art. The only way of sending exhibitions that shall do justice to British art and American taste is to allow trusted dealers and, better still, groups of artists, to make their own choice. There are galleries in New York and Chicago ready to receive such collections, and it should be the business of the British Government to see to it that, barring acts of God and the King's enemies, they do receive them.

The collection now showing at the Redfern, which will be seen at the American British Art Centre in New York, consists of works by Henry Moore, Paul Nash, Ben Nicholson, Graham Sutherland, John Tunnard, Sigmund Pollitzer, Barbara Hepworth, Leslie Hurry and Alastair Morton. Though the artists are of unequal talent, the exhibition is admirably homogeneous. Also these are a sort of British artists whose work American critics wish to see and judge. Several of them are known little, if at all, beyond our shores; yet it is work such as theirs which will convince Americans that, spite of all, visual art in England is not only alive but kicking.

I was particularly glad to see in this collection five works by Henry Moore: I only wish there were more. For Henry Moore is rapidly proving, what some of us have long suspected, that he is one of the most considerable artists of our time. By John Tunnard, almost unknown in America I fancy, there are four abstractions which cannot fail to give pleasure to anyone who cares for elegance and gaiety. Paul Nash, adequately represented, is generally known and respected; while Ben Nicholson, with three "constructions," will be hailed by all as honourable and by some, I dare say, as a master. Sigmund Pollitzer—a new name to me—deserves consideration and will probably get it. If Graham Sutherland can be persuaded to re-frame his two pictures they will attract more attention and give more pleasure. Altogether this is a creditable show which will do service to British art.

In the front room are thirty pictures by Thomas Carr. Carr is, at present, a much-influenced painter. He has been influenced by Bonnard, and through Bonnard by Pasmore—or could it be the other way round? He seems to have been influenced by Gowing and Graham Bell. He may have been influenced by Degas. In fact, he is a typical member of the Euston Road school; and, if it be true that he is reckoned a minor member, his exhibition suggests that the Euston Road school is much richer in talent than any other in England. For, though Carr too often draws and designs like a student, and a feeble student at that, he almost always paints nicely. Occasionally he rises above himself: seemingly children inspire him, and in two pictures (Nos. 15 and 25), albeit the influence of Bonnard and Pasmore is strong, emotion has generated the means of expression and he has created art that speaks for itself. There is also a portrait, *Sally*, which has a promising and painterlike air, and as much may be said for *Railway Carriage*. Paint is what counts in all these pictures as in all, or almost all, pictures by artists of this school. They provide nothing for philosophers and newspaper-men to chatter about; so if they please, they please by merit and not by luck or cunning. CLIVE BELL

Correspondence

THE EDUCATION OF THE DOCTOR

SIR,—Dr. Harry Roberts, in his wise article on "The Education of the Doctor," has it as one of his criticisms that, although "the British medical curriculum is probably the longest and most elaborate professional training in the world," it produces but little in the way of general culture in those who have passed through its mills. He also rightly regrets that, long and elaborate though it is, it is sadly lacking in the teaching of such things as social medicine and in preparing the general practitioner for dealing with the minor, but economically important, ills of humanity. Dr. Roberts makes no very concrete suggestions as to how these shortcomings come about, nor does he point out any remedy for them. Perhaps I may be permitted to attempt to supply these lacking details. Any subject of the medical curriculum may be taught in one of two ways. It may be presented as an intellectual and cultural exercise, or taught by the inculcation of a certain range of more or less disconnected facts, the retention of which will enable the individual to pass his examinations and subsequently to earn a livelihood. There can be no dispute as to which method is desirable in the case of the medical sciences. The only thing to seek is why, in its present state, the medical curriculum favours the second method, Why are isolated facts, rather than general principles, so much stressed especially in the earlier years of the medical course? There are general principles underlying the contents of the curriculum in physics, chemistry, botany, zoology and all the rest of the subjects that go to the making of the full medical course. Were these general principles, with only a sufficient range of coherent facts to illustrate them, placed in a broad way before the student, a far sounder knowledge of the subject could be gained in a greatly reduced time. Why is this not done, and why is the curriculum not greatly abbreviated in time though extended in intellectual content? The answer involves two factors. If medical education in England is to be reformed, both these factors need urgent consideration by the authorities.

(1) How do institutions select the members of their teaching staffs? Do they appoint men to Chairs because of their known ability as teachers capable of presenting their subjects as intellectual exercises in the recognition of general principles upon which their students may subsequently build? The answer to this is a very decided negative. Most institutions select men without any regard to their teaching abilities. They are chosen, as a rule, because they have a reputation as research workers in, maybe, some obscure and thoroughly unessential specialisation. The reason for this is that the research output of an institution has come to have more value in the eyes of the governing bodies than has the cultural training of the ordinary student destined to be a useful and intelligent general practitioner.

(2) But suppose we could alter all this and thereby reform our methods of teaching, would all be well with medical education? The answer is, again, a decided negative. No teacher, however able and willing he may be to teach his subject in a cultural way by dwelling upon general principles rather than insisting upon the mere memorising of a host of unconnected details, could hope to be a success under present conditions. He has ever in the background the examiner appointed by the examining (but non-teaching) bodies, or the external examiner imported from other teaching institutions. I know as well as Dr. Roberts that it is stupid for the student, destined to be a general practitioner, to "waste two or three half-years clogging his memory with the names of every minute branch of every artery and every nerve in the body." But am I to omit these things from my teaching when my students may one day have their fate determined by an examiner who estimates their attainments solely by their ability to regurgitate these minutiae at the word of command?

I venture to suggest that before we reform medical teaching we must reform the system of examining. If this were done, the next obvious step is the reform of the method of selection of teachers so that only men capable of cultural or intellectual teaching should be permitted to occupy responsible positions in our medical schools. Were both these reforms carried out then every desirable subject, the treatment of minor ills, the social side of medicine, medical psychology and all the rest could find their place in a curriculum that would not be overcrowded nor be in any need of extension.

F. WOOD JONES

PRODUCTION

SIR,—I am a Sales Manager (more concerned with production than sales) of a firm manufacturing components for aeroplanes, tanks, etc., in one of our much bombed industrial cities. We would be classed as a small firm, being not nearly as large as the average aeroplane factory, though we are

one of the foremost manufacturers of certain components essential to the assembly of almost anything mechanical. Since the beginning of the war the prices of our products have been "controlled" by the Ministry of Supply; that is to say, they have been maintained at their pre-war level—a keenly competitive level—plus certain increases which have been authorised by the Ministry from time to time to cover the rises in the cost of raw material. It followed, therefore, that we could not afford to pay our employees as much as the Government-controlled aircraft factories, who were bidding high in the labour market. As their reimbursement from the Government was based on a percentage of their costs, it was in their interests to make their costs as high as possible. I do not say that this was the general practice, but the fact remains that demoralisingly high wages were paid by the aeroplane factories to unskilled labour and boys at the expense of factories like ours, who could only afford to pay about half the wages for work requiring greater skill. The inevitable result was that the aircraft factories were short of components and their massed armies of labour so expensively acquired were frequently demoralised further by idleness.

We are now able to keep our labour. Our workers are not allowed to leave and we are not allowed to dismiss them. But in many cases they feel that they are being kept from more remunerative jobs, and they "take it out of us" by "going slow." "They can stop us leaving," they say, "but they can't make us work, and, in any case, they can't sack us." This may be both exaggeration and over-simplification on my part, but there is this regrettable element to be dealt with and, in whatever proportion it is present, it is threatening to leaven the whole. Discontent is stimulated by stories, the truth of which cannot easily be proved, but their persistence suggests that there is not smoke without fire. A story goes, for instance, that the highest wage paid to a factory worker in this city for a week's work was £74. This, of course, may have included a year's bonus, but it is no less disturbing to our labour. Another tells of a shadow-factory worker whose piece-work earnings for one week came to £26. The cashier apologetically informed him that he could not pay him this without raising awkward enquiries, so offered to pay him £15 down, and, if he agreed to stay away the following week, the balance on the next pay day. Stories like this are innumerable, and it is rumoured that "crown and anchor" is played for pound notes every pay-day at a well-known aero-engine factory.

It is regrettable that the Trade Unions appear to view this state of affairs with such complacence. They are apparently willing for the war to cost the country much more than it need, providing that some of the excess goes in wages to workers, however maldistributed, thus proving themselves to be just one more vested interest. It is also very depressing to those who have Left-wing sympathies, if not convictions, to see a lucky minority of workers becoming demoralised opportunists with little concern for the less lucky majority who tend to lose interest in the war effort. "SALES MANAGER"

SIR,—The statements made by Mr. Bevan regarding his ingenious three-shift system support, rather than correct, those in my previous letter. When saying that the scheme gives an average of 56 working hours per week, he neglects meal-times. Further, the 15-hour night shift would certainly not yield more than 10 or 11 hours production. Correcting for these the average weekly working hours become about 45. Thus, the first condition I made of an optimum 54-hour working week is not met.

Mr. Bevan's time-table would be all right if machinery were the bottleneck with a surplus of labour, but not with the over-riding consideration of lack of labour. Moreover, he states that his scheme is "entirely unsuitable to a factory where the men are employed on routine or mass production work." There may be war factories not engaged in such kind of work, but I haven't run across them.

I wish your correspondents would deal with the more important question I raised in my letter—that is, want of mutual trust in the factories. The gist of your editorial remarks is that this would not arise in a socialistic State. Well, we haven't got a socialistic State, and are not likely to have it for the next few years, during which we have to win or lose the war. What shall we do about it?

Sutton Coldfield. C. C. GARRARD

BURMA'S FUTURE

SIR,—I am sorry that Mr. U. Saw, who had arrived here on a goodwill mission and hoped to carry back with him the promise of Dominion status on the close of the war, has returned, delivering the goodwill but taking with him nothing in return. The Burmese are both Mongolians and Buddhists, and therefore naturally next-of-kin to Japan, who promises them Home Rule and India the same, because it is their Holy land.

The sympathies of the Burmese are pro-Japan, and the only mode of veering them to the British side is to gratify their ambition of freedom. The moderates like U. Saw would then have said to their people: "Japan only promises you freedom—England has already given it. Why not defend it?" And the Burmese would have done so; not that they would not do so now, but their co-operation would be half-hearted and not voluntary.

8 Royal Avenue, S.W.3. H. S. GOUR

ALLIED CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—Mr. Silverman maintains that the Allied Governments should not be granted unlimited powers of enforcing conscription of their subjects, and expresses the opinion that citizens of those states ought to have the right to choose whether they serve in the armies of their own States or in the British Army. As an example of a State where some limitation should be made, we may take Poland, many of whose citizens here are not connected in any way with Poland, and would prefer to serve in the British Army.

I agree with Mr. Silverman that it would not be in the interest of the Polish Army, either, to have in its ranks unwilling soldiers who felt themselves as strangers towards Poland. I consider, therefore, that it would be a mistake to insist on the inclusion of such men in the Polish Army. Moreover, the connection of the individual with the State involves not only military service, but also a much broader sphere of personal and social life. I cannot imagine, therefore, that a State could permit its citizens to serve in a foreign, even though allied, army, and could give them at the same time full rights of citizenship and assistance. Assistance which even to-day under the difficult circumstances of emigration, is still given to every Polish citizen. Neutral States may permit their citizens to serve in foreign forces, but not States which are at war themselves. The only way out of this situation seems to me to be the passing of an Act making it possible for foreign citizens wishing to serve in the British Army to receive British nationality after the war without difficulty. (France had a similar arrangement.) If this were to be done, those Polish citizens whom Mr. Silverman has in mind, who are not inclined towards Poland, and who have only retained Polish nationality because they could not take any other, would join the British Army willingly. If such an Act were to be passed, these citizens obviously would not be taken to serve in the Polish Army; later they would acquire British nationality, and would be released at the same time from Polish nationality. This would be a practical and agreeable solution for them and for Poland, and for Great Britain, too. HENRYK RUZIEWICZ

55 Exhibition Road, S.W.7.

RETRIBUTION

SIR,—I am afraid "Critic" knows little about the feelings and the temper of the enslaved peoples when he affirms that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Churchill "need have troubled to talk about retribution." What people in occupied countries fear is that when the war is over well-meaning Englishmen will, in the name of humanity and the belief that only Hitler and a handful of his collaborators are really guilty, prevent justice from being done. They know that thousands of Germans are guilty and that the decent German is an exception to be found mainly among the older generations. They are determined that such people shall not be let loose on the world again in 10 or 20 years. Unless the outraged sense of justice of the oppressed peoples is satisfied it will be impossible "to set up conditions in which men with the mentality of gangsters will not again have a chance to start the process which wrecks human society." Punishment and retribution must therefore be war aims. And if you can make people in the occupied countries understand that you really intend to carry out these aims you may save some innocent Germans from being massacred when the downfall comes.

NORWEGIAN

SIR,—It is unfortunately true, as Stephen King-Hall states in your issue of November 8th, that "the notion that this is a war against the German people as a whole . . . is growing." Not only does that fact hamper our efforts at propaganda within the Reich, but it also encourages a disturbing tendency to dwell on the *destructive* aspects of post-war planning. The cheap gibes and sadistic wise-cracks of some of our after-the-news speakers and news-reel commentators show which way the wind is blowing—not, alas, in the direction of post-war sanity. Revenge (or "retribution," as Mr. Churchill less crudely put it) is, as history has proved, a disastrous foundation for lasting peace.

Typical of others are the following official (!) comments from a recent British Paramount News film:

"The best place for Huns is under the sod; the next best place, behind barbed wire."

"Roll on the day when we can put the whole dirty crew where they belong."

Is this sort of thing the best preparation for winning the peace? M. C. GASKIN

440 Fulham Road.

THE FUTURE OF AGRICULTURE

SIR,—The national danger due to the concentration of the bulk of our population of 46,000,000 in urban districts in a non-self-supporting island, dependent on supplies from overseas for our existence is obvious; our post-war plan should be to endeavour to re-create and train a class of peasant proprietors and small holders of from 10 to 50 acres, if possible, this being the limit of one man's efficient working capacity and working capital. The public do not realise that constant capital outlay is essential to keep all but the richest class of agricultural land, under private ownership, in a healthy condition. To give one instance, a friend of mine succeeded to an estate in Devon with a rent roll of £5,000 per annum. I saw him two years later, when he informed me that he required £10,000 per annum in addition to keep the estate in a satisfactory condition and in an adequate state of repair. This is true of most large estates, and for this reason the imposition of Death Duties on agricultural estates is calamitous.

The position of the new tenant-farmer owner class, who purchased their farms in the boom period of 1919, with borrowed money, is tragic. They have no available capital and no indulgent landlord to assist them in drainage and dressing outlay, and repairs of fences, gates, etc. Consequently, land is rapidly deteriorating.

The fact that lack of working capital under private ownership is the cause of the existing land deterioration, and the State alone having the available capital, is in my opinion a conclusive argument for land nationalisation.

The maximum production of home-grown food is a national non-party question, while it is only under State control that our 13,000,000 derelict acres can be brought into cultivation, and that we can hope to re-populate the present deserted rural areas. OWEN HOWARD OWEN

DRIED GRASS

SIR,—In the November 1st edition of your paper you wonder if enough attention is being paid to those scientists who believe that the problem of winter feed for dairy cows could be largely solved by improved methods of grass drying.

Perhaps you would be interested to know that, as a practical farmer of 820 acres, I have proved beyond all doubt that dried grass, without any cake at all, will not only maintain a herd in milk, but will keep the cows in first-class condition. I have used a grass drier and fed dried grass to my cows since the summer of 1936.

On this farm there is about 200 acres of grassland from which I have, this year, produced 260 tons of dried grass, having an average protein content of 16 per cent., from 100 acres, in three cuts. On the remaining 100 acres I graze about 100 milking cows, heifers in calf, and 80 younger stock.

The milking cows will average 700 gallons during lactation and the heifers, between 650 and 675 gallons.

As I see it, the following are the main advantages of grass drying: (*a*) Saving of shipping space; (*b*) higher rate of food production from the land; (*c*) the farm is made self-supporting; (*d*) cost of milk production is reduced.

Manor Farm, T. S. BENNETT

Lower Wick, Worcester.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THAT few human beings are qualified to tell the truth is an observation frequently forced upon us by our reading of history and biography; and there is much, therefore, to recommend an autobiographical work the author of which makes no effort to tell the "whole truth," in the teeth of the difficulties raised by his education and temperament, but allows feelings rather than facts to form the basis of his narrative. After all, in the individual life, it is our emotional response to an event, not the event itself, that is usually of real and lasting consequence: and the evasions and agonized deceptions of a Jean Jacques Rousseau are at least as significant as his approximations to historical accuracy. Every literature can show us one or more of those books in which the "real" and the "imaginary" are permitted to intermingle and the truth that emerges is primarily subjective. Such are the exquisite *Florentine Nights* of Heine: such, in our own language, is George Borrow's record of his youth and adolescence. For many readers, that fascinating book is doomed by a single scrap of hackneyed dialogue: but in its proper context Jasper Petulengro's reference to the wind upon the heath loses its air of having been specially composed for a Christmas gift calendar or cheap-jack prose anthology. Borrow was anything but a professor of specious literary optimism. Vague melancholy enshrouded him from youth to age—now evanescent, scarcely perceptible like a delicate autumn mist which adds a softness and poetic depth to an October landscape: now thickening and darkening, till he was in the grip of the nightmare state that he called "the horrors" and raved and trembled and was obsessed by the idea of suicide.

In his preface to the first edition, Borrow describes *Lavengro* as "a dream partly of study, partly of adventure." A dream it is—like a drawing by Dadd or an etching by Piranesi; and through its dream perspectives strays the apparition of its curious author, brown-faced, solemn-eyed, prematurely silver-haired, a kind of White Knight burdened with a fantastic load of very often entirely useless erudition: the vocabularies of remote languages he had never completely mastered: translations no English publisher would agree to undertake: fragments of Basque and a rag-bag hoard of Romany idiom with a toppling pile of Bibles to crown the load—all cobbled together with a queer network of beliefs and prejudices. Both as a translator and a recorder of fact, Borrow proves at the best of times to have been remarkably inaccurate. But he was no mendacious windbag of the Trelawny stamp; for, while Trelawny's mind was in some respects as coarse and commonplace as his nature was violent, unscrupulous and untrustworthy, through Borrow's composition ran a profoundly poetic strain. He was dominated by a sense of the mystery of life: Trelawny by a feeling for its superficial melodrama. The Younger Son lies flatly, blatantly, boldly: Lavengro does not falsify so much as transform his recollections, encouraging his memory to play the alchemist and extract the quintessence of the material it had hoarded up, sharpening the outlines of remembered experience, strengthening its colours. What did he himself see, and what imagine? Again and again, he appears to make no very definite distinction between what he had, and what he *might* have, done and witnessed. Certainly (as his biographer, Professor Knapp, has established with an infinity of trouble) he did not see and take off his hat to the great trotting stallion, Marshland Shales, in the hurlyburly of a Norwich horse fair in 1818: for Marshland Shales was not paraded there till 1827. Equally ill-established—at least as regards chronology and minor details—are many other striking and dramatic episodes. But, if they did not happen in time and space—at Norwich or Edinburgh or among the bogs of Ireland—they occurred without a doubt in Borrow's imagination; and in those surroundings and in that climate they have their own validity.

Naturally, George Borrow is Borrow's hero. He is an unusual hero, however—not always brave, far from resolute, in no career that he undertakes conspicuously successful, a moody, gloomy, pottering, reflective personage. All he asks is that we should regard him as a highly exceptional being, in the sense that, for good or ill, he is not as other men. Portents have attended him from early childhood. He has a strange power over poisonous snakes, a way with horses. In the nursery he is at first uncommonly dull and silent—but the Jewish pedlar notes at once that he is a gifted child—afterwards an extremely voracious reader. Instead of acquiring Greek, he learns Irish: when he is articled to the law he engages in an intensive study of a mediaeval Welsh poet, the celebrated Ab Gwilym. Yet his studies (he is prepared to admit) are fragmentary and undisciplined: for the point he emphasises is not his genius but his personal separateness—the isolation that is the constant background of his thoughts and feelings. Lavengro is a lonely man with a thousand casual acquaintances—a man whose life is full of incidents and interests, but has little continuity. He drifts at large through the world, which flows cloudily past him. It is the panorama of a dream—inconsequent as are many dreams, but endowed with a visionary magnitude and a dream-like vividness.

Borrow's sense of his own identity—and his self portrait of a certain type of lonely, ineffective, thoughtful man—holds the narrative together from opening to closing chapters. We have all of us known such self-centred solitaries: but, whereas that type of egotism is usually dim and arid, Borrow turned his self-absorption to brilliant creative profit. Not many other modern writers have been able to give so pungent an air of individuality to the scenes or the personages that they describe: none can make more of a single unrelated incident. Borrow's finest passages are (literally) unforgettable: the impression they leave on the reader's imagination is never quite effaced. From a stubble-field rises the tall shape of the ancient viper-hunter, with his gaiters and skin-cap and his bag of struggling reptiles: on a cliff-edge squats red-coated David Haggart, drummer-boy in Captain Borrow's regiment and future felon, gazing out over the smoky confusion of Edinburgh house-tops: or through a snow storm comes leaping the Irish warlock, snowflakes crusted on his shoulders, a raw, terrible wound cutting his forehead and, bounding at his heels, the ferocious "dog of peace."

Thanks to the researches of Borrow's editors and biographers, it is now possible to identify many of his subjects, whose names in the original text of *Lavengro* are omitted or represented by a dash. A number of them are natives of East Anglia, where Borrow's father, after long regimental wanderings, finally settled down. There is Joseph John Gurney, the Quaker banker and philanthropist, brother to Mrs. Fry; William Taylor, an enthusiast for German literature and the correspondent of Godwin, Scott and Southey, who infected the young Borrow with infidel notions; John Thurtell—a particularly incisive portrait—in whose appearance "there was a blending of the bluff and the sharp," sternness "with something approaching to the feline," destined to be hanged at Hereford for the murder of a fellow swindler: and later, when Borrow removes to London, that terrifying Grub Street tyrant, Sir Richard Phillips, hosier, stationer, publisher, Radical, vegetarian, who set the writer to compiling *Newgate Lives and Trials*, from which he imbibed "strange doubts" about crime and virtue, till the necessitarian notions of his boyhood again obscured his fancy and "my own peculiar ideas with respect to everything being a lying dream began also to revive."

"I had (confesses Borrow) a very ill-regulated mind at that period." But it is difficult to think of any period at which the nature of his beliefs and the play of his speculation were not strikingly eccentric. That unregulated, undisciplined quality is part of his book's charm. *Lavengro* was written between 1843 and 1850: the scenes and personages he describes belong mostly to the epoch of the Napoleonic Wars: and, thanks both to the distance from his material at which he was composing and to the faculty of enlargement his eye possessed, the landscapes he evokes are generally larger than life-size. Berwick-upon-Tweed, above its broad green river from which robust fishermen are drawing huge silver-mailed salmon, becomes "a white old city, surrounded with lofty walls . . ." London Bridge undergoes a mystical metamorphosis:

> A strange kind of bridge it was; huge and massive, and seemingly of great antiquity. It had an arched back, like that of a hog, a high balustrade, and at either side, at intervals, were stone bowers bulking over the river. . . . Though the bridge was wide—very wide—it was all too narrow for the concourse upon it. Thousands of human beings were pouring over the bridge. But what chiefly struck my attention was the double row of carts and wagons, the generality drawn by horses as large as elephants, each row striving hard in a different direction, and not infrequently brought to a standstill. Oh the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the carters, and the grating of wheels upon the enormous stones that formed the pavement! . . . But, if upon the bridge there was a confusion, below it there was a confusion ten times confounded. The tide, which was fast ebbing, obstructed by the immense piers of the old bridge, poured beneath the arches with a fall of several feet, forming in the river below as many whirlpools as there were arches. Truly tremendous was the roar of the descending waters, and the bellow of the tremendous gulfs, which swallowed them for a time, and then cast them forth. . . . Slowly advancing along the bridge, I came to the highest point, and there I stood still . . . just above the principal arch, looking through the balustrade at the scene that presented itself—and such a scene!

It was here, of course, in one of these stone-balustraded recesses, high over the whirlpools of the tumultuous river, that for the second time during his life Borrow encountered Defoe and succumbed to the fascination of the earliest and, in some respects, the greatest of English realistic novels. Nothing in Borrow's existence could happen simply. *Robinson Crusoe* had irradiated and transformed his childhood: *Moll Flanders*, which also reached him by a stroke of fortune, imparted new significance to his life in London:

> I took the book from her hand; a short, thick volume, at least a century old, bound with greasy black leather. I turned the yellow and dog's-eared pages, reading here and there a sentence. Yes, and no mistake! *His* pen, his style, his spirit might be observed in every line . . . I covered my face with my hand, and thought of my childhood. . . .
>
> "This is a singular book," said I at last. . . .

The extent of Borrow's indebtedness to Defoe is sufficiently clear: but equally obvious are the differences in their approach and outlook. Defoe's most impressive passages are built up of a painstaking accumulation of prosaic details—it is through the addition of one fact to another that, little by little, he achieves effects of surprising dignity: Borrow's grasp of an historical fact is subordinate to his appreciation of its emotional context. Borrow could not have completed a *Moll Flanders*: but then, Defoe could not have written the story of the man who believed in the magic touch or of the Welsh preacher who had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost—two absorbing studies of psychological malady. Borrow belonged to a revolutionary experimental age which, though it left the world an uglier, harsher, more confusing place, immensely enlarged the frontiers of the human consciousness. The limitations of the nineteenth-century mind, and the spiritual *malaise* and flashes of poetic insight by which it was often visited, receive illustration in the diversity and complexity of Borrow's dream-novel.

PETER QUENNELL

NEW NOVELS

The Transposed Heads. By THOMAS MANN. *Secker.* 6s.

Between Two Worlds. By UPTON SINCLAIR. *Werner Laurie.* 10s. 6d.

Handsome Johnnie. By FRANCES LOBB. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

School in Private. By PHILIP TOYNBEE. *Putnam.* 8s. 6d.

The art of seduction is not properly understood in these islands, and the British woman who finds herself receiving the attentions of a Continental practitioner shares the feelings of the poor Indian, used to simple progress on yak back or in dug-out canoe, who finds himself in an express train or in a large steamship. Here the connection between literature and the art is so tenuous as to be hardly in existence, and the Englishman thinks he has done very well if he has quoted Marvell to his lady and reminded her that she will be a withered hag in no time and dead immediately after that. It is with feelings of astonishment and alarm that he discovers the foreigner is using books in his elaborate sieges, and that other damned fellows have been busily producing books for him to use. Generations of hard work on the part of a host of talented Middle Europeans have resulted in the accumulation of a library of picklocks suited to any conceivable situation—if Dolly is the happy wife of a happy young husband and the intervener an old buck, then X's witty little story of the two innocents whose raptures were so much increased when the wife had taken a few lessons from an older tutor is slipped into her hand, and if it should be the husband who is old, then Y's still wittier story of Casanova visiting Venice in his old age, with its happy description of a withering body, may do the trick. Herr Thomas Mann in *The Transposed Heads* adds a master key to the collection, designed to soften opposition in a wide variety of situations and calculated to make any reasonable lady feel that the only mistake to be made lies in remaining faithful to one gentleman. The story is based on an Indian story of two friends, one of whom was married to a lady loved by both, whose heads are magically transposed, and is devoted to the dilemma in which the wife finds herself in consequence. The lady tries marriage with the head on the friend's body, and with the friend's head on the husband's body, and gives excellent reasons for following both courses that should convince anyone hesitating before climbing on to the extra-marital bed. The argument relied upon is that humans are complex creatures, and that it is very unlikely that any two people will make a perfect match, that a marriage of minds may require a supplementary marriage of bodies to make it satisfactory, and as all is *Maya* or illusion, why not? And the more the merrier. The Indian setting is richly bogus, recalling the orientalisms of the Yellow Book, and matters are not improved by a Holy Man who imparts his wisdom in the rhymed prose associated with Wilhelmina Stitch. These are, however, small points and beside the point, which is that this small book sent with a tender covering note at the psychological moment should allow the aspirant to bring the horns along with the flowers next time he calls.

Between Two Worlds is a very earnest work, laudably conceived but unfortunately executed. Aimed at giving a picture of the world of big business in Europe and America between 1919 and 1929, it misfires and gives one an odd patchwork of vivid and flat patches which alternate as the story comes within and goes beyond the author's experience. The world pictured is not the international world of big business, but of the world of the writers and artists of those hectic years who went wherever they wanted and met all manner of curious and interesting people but very few powerful ones. Mr. Sinclair's Isadora Duncan is a real figure, but his Zaharoff is a bearded dummy stuffed with old newspapers, and in the same way the account of life among the journalists outside the conferences at Lausanne, Genoa, San Remo, and so on, is vivid and real, but the matter dealing with the agenda of these conferences and with the delegates is not only dead as mutton but also inedible. The conferences of the 1920 period were not mainly concerned with manœuvring American Oil interests off the European preserves in the Middle East, and in the complex of European finance the trade in armaments played a very small part; international finance is mainly engaged in such tasks as getting Hungarian barley to English breweries, getting Malayan rubber on to the wheels of Roumanian lorries, getting Brazilian coffee into the stomachs of Berliners; most of its sinister activity lies in the issue of short-term loans to enable brewers, tyre makers, coffee merchants and the like, to tide over the period between the time they pay for the raw materials and the time the consumer pays for the finished goods. The great story of the 1919-1929 period is of the victory of petty nationalism over international finance and the silting up of the trade routes that followed. Mr. Sinclair's story is successful in giving a picture of the fun and games with which the expatriate American bohemians passed their time, but its picture of European affairs is puerile. The book is a memorial to that splendid band of young journalists who did so much to promote international misunderstanding in those unhappy years; trained in the golden period of American municipal corruption, they came to Europe gazing about them through racket-tinted glasses and sent home stories couched in the simple language of crooked ward politics, planting a deadly legend firmly in the American mind. "On April 19 sharper Clemenceau and sharper Lloyd George got him into their little cosy three-card game they called the Council of Four . . . Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Wilson, three old men shuffling the pack, dealing out the cards . . . machine-gun fire and arson, starvation, lice, cholera, typhus, oil was trumps." This is John Dos Passos writing in 1932. Mr. Sinclair is running the same line of country with the same eager babble. It is too late in the day.

Handsome Johnnie and *School in Private* are curious works from the aspect of intention, but undeniably they both succeed in what they set out to do. *Handsome Johnnie* tells the story of an adolescent's first love excellently and in an agreeable style; every toad has been under this harrow, but the wounds heal rapidly and completely. This neat little book skilfully reopens them and enables the reader to re-live the forgotten horrors of growing up to the full. Mr. Toynbee carries the reader even further back and plunges him into the murky and distressing life of a preparatory school where the tender individual makes his first acquaintance with the herd. A somewhat neurotic *jeu d'esprit*, *School in Private* will amuse or horrify the male reader who went to a preparatory school, according to the thickness of the protective skin which he has managed to draw between that part of his past and the present. To those who missed that experience owing to accidents of wealth, health or sex it will be an incredible and boring story.

ANTHONY WEST

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WAR

The Impulse to Dominate. By D. W. HARDING. *Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

This is one of the best books on social psychology that has come my way for a long time. It is well and clearly written; its ideas are stimulating and suggestive; the illustrative detail with which they are set forth is various, fresh and apt, and the author strikes a happy balance between cocksureness and modesty, being neither so full of his own ideas that he cannot bring himself to mention the contrary ideas of others, nor so destitute of them as to have produced, as do so many psychologists, nothing more than a set of variations on themes which others have propounded. In short, he has written neither a dogmatic treatise nor a Ph.D. thesis.

The object of the book is to try to understand the psychological nature of war. All or most men apparently want much the same things, security, peace, freedom, a good job and a square meal; but what they get is war, insecurity, oppression, unemployment, and undernourishment. Why is

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[1] *Reynolds News* [2] *Sunday Times*

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JONATHAN CAPE

this? Why in particular, wanting peace, do they get war?

Mr. Harding warns us against looking upon war as an isolated phenomenon. It is only, he maintains, an extreme form of pressures that are at all times operative in our society. These pressures may be broadly grouped together and labelled the impulse to dominate. Our society is one in which the relations between human beings are characterised almost universally by domination on the one part, and submission on the other. Domination is exercised in many forms. "Economic pressure, the leverage given by social status and the persuasive manipulation of public opinion are the usual weapons." But there are others, ranging from the subtle threat to withhold your affection in order to get your way, familiar to lovers and mothers, to the crude "I'll kill you if you don't," familiar to gangsters and war-makers. Hence Mr. Harding's first conclusion is that war is only a special case of "dominative behaviour"; that is to say, of the behaviour which "in the face of disagreements is the only means that has received effective public recognition and been strongly institutionalised."

But there is a second conclusion. While "I'll kill you, if you don't," may be the distinguishing characteristic of domination in gangsters, the attitude of the war-maker is rather different; different, that is to say, if he belongs to a civilised society. What the modern war-maker wants is not so much to kill as to punish; to punish with a view to reformation. Armies do not seek to annihilate civilian populations; they do not even annihilate other armies; they only kill as many human beings as is necessary, and then stop. Necessary for what? Answer, to ensure that the vanquished "agree to a social relationship which the victor considers satisfactory." In other words, consent to enter into what is, to the victor, a satisfactory dominant-submissive relationship. Thus, paradoxically, war is a form of co-operation. It is a co-operative method of settling disputes. Both sides co-operate in envisaging a certain kind of social relationship as desirable, and both co-operate in agreeing to ensure that this relationship shall be established. The only difference is that in each party's conception of the relationship their respective roles are reversed.

This thesis is worked out with verve and variety. The chapters on sexual interest and cruelty in war-time, while not containing anything that is novel, contain much that is of first-rate interest. There is a particularly good discussion of the psycho-analytic thesis that war is a neurotic symptom, the result of repressed impulses to hurt others and oneself to be hurt. Mr. Harding makes his bow to this hypothesis and, indeed, accepts its implication that we are most of us in a state of unconscious revolt against the peacetime existence *that we know*—how else explain the ready acquiescence in war, when it comes, of those who have regarded it with the utmost horror before it comes?—but thinks that it over-simplifies the problem. The fact that political groups have now outgrown the limits of the insight of their members, so that events happen as the result of forces whose genesis escapes detection and whose operation evades control, is, he suggests, a more important cause of the political fatalism and apathy of the modern citizen who acquiesces simply because he cannot help himself.

Where there is so much ground for praise there is some for censure. Mr. Harding is not always free from the charge which can be brought against so many psychological books, of telling us portentously what we already know and giving weight to platitudes by wrapping them in jargon. Thus it is not instructive to be told, even by a psychologist, that security is a condition of peace. There are, I think, some untruths. It seems to me nonsense to suggest that the Nazis do not want to annihilate, but only to establish tolerable social relations with Jews and Poles.

Finally, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of putting the question, "Well, suppose you are right, what then?" Mr. Harding plays with an intriguing theory of "social integration," which entails a relationship between equals, as an alternative to the almost universal dominant-submissive relationship, and includes a chapter on "Relinquishing Domination." But in practice he offers little guidance for man's improvement. It is, of course, obvious to all of us that war would disappear, if human beings were better. Mr. Harding might reply that his concern is with diagnosis and not with cure, and that you do not expect to see a sign-post marching down the road along which it points. Yet I think he would not be content with this reply. He wants, it is obvious, to reform mankind, and I cannot rid myself of the suspicion that he believes that the path of reform may lie through the right psychological treatment of children (certainly) and of politicians (possibly). For my part, I doubt this, believing that while psychology can tell us much about the causes of human misbehaviour, it can offer little in the way of remedy, the recipe for human betterment not being known—at least to psychologists.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE SLAVE-TRADE

The Last Years of the English Slave Trade. By AVERIL MACKENZIE-GRIEVE. *Putnam.* 15s.

It is unfortunate that one's pleasure in reading this book is somewhat marred by defects of style. Miss Mackenzie-Grieve has an annoying love of asyndeton. "His companions roared encouragement, applause, offered him the dripping shell"; "they dragged him back by the coat-tails, put him protesting to bed." Innumerable sentences are without verbs: "The ship's arrival announced by advertisement. The handbills distributed, displayed, the day of sale announced. The agents specifying their wares." Occasionally, indeed, the verb is there, but hardly as we should like it: "The owners told them that, should they fall in with a man of war, respectfully to represent the injury they would sustain"; and too often we find sheer bad grammar: "It was said of the Earle brothers that to *them* was assigned everything . . . and to *whom* every foreigner had a letter of introduction"; "the uncertainty of Cleveland's financial transactions were a source of anxiety to him."

But, when one has decided to ignore these solecisms, and a slip or two in dates—the surrender of Cornwallis appears to be assigned to 1778—one sees that this is both an interesting and a valuable book, marked by real research, and based on original documents. Not only have we here good accounts of more or less familiar incidents, such as the epoch-making trial of Somerset in 1772, with Lord Mansfield's decision that a slave became free the instant he touched the shore of England, or as the conversion of "John Newton, clerk," once a slave-captain, an infidel, and a libertine, "by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ preserved, restored an pardoned"—not only have we the story of Granville Sharp's indefatigable labours, of Pitt's enigmatical vacillations, of Wilberforce's disappointments and final triumph, but we have a number of stories, new and true, of horror and heroism, illustrating in the most vivid fashion the strange capacities of human nature, and not without a moral for ourselves to-day.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Thus begins the Declaration of Independence, signed by men, some of whom owned slaves. Nor was the Declaration repudiated by the Southern planters who, largely to defend slave-holding, made the great Secession in 1861. These men were not, as a body, insincere; nor was there insincerity in the bulk of the English defenders of the slave-trade. They were like other people, blinded by interest. So humane a man as David Hume held that all the coloured races were naturally inferior to the white, and supported slavery, as Aristotle had supported it by pointing to the unquestionable superiority of Greeks to barbarians. Men with a firmer belief in Christianity than Hume could easily find other arguments. Remove a negro from the degrading superstitions of his home, and you gave him the inestimable benefit not only of contact with civilisation, but of the chance of acquiring true religion. "How for-

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tunate you are," said Mr. Abel Alleyne, "compared to others. Your baptism entitles you, provided you live up to it, to happiness after this life"; and Mr. Smeik did his utmost to teach the children their catechism every morning. Even apart from transcendental hopes, the slaves were well off. Admiral Shuldham averred that he had envied the slaves and often wished to be in the same situation.

What this situation really was may be gathered from one example. Captain Collingwood left St. Thomas with four hundred and forty slaves in September, 1781. The Middle Passage was long; food and water ran scarce, and dysentery broke out. Collingwood therefore proposed that such slaves as could hardly recover should be thrown overboard. "For if they die on board the owners will lose, but if we maintain that they were thrown overboard for the preservation of the ship, the underwriters will have to bear the loss. Besides, it will be a mercy to save them from a lingering death." The mate protested; but two hundred and thirty-two sick slaves, struggling and protesting, were flung to the seas.

Other stories are less horrible. Miss Mackenzie-Grieve's account of Captain Crow reveals to us not only a first-rate seaman but a man who did his utmost to mitigate the lot of the poor creatures under his charge. The whole tale would not suffer if it formed a part of Hakluyt's Voyages; and when we remember that at any moment the captain might lose his best sailors to the pitiless press-gang, our admiration is increased. Nor was Crow the only merciful slaver. None the less, the general effect is to make us understand King Naimbana of Rombana's opinion, "Every white man a rogue."

"In 1784," we are told in Gunning's *Reminiscences of Cambridge*, "the Rev. Peter Peckard was chosen Vice-Chancellor." His enthusiasm in favour of the abolition of the slave-trade was unbounded; he preached against it in St. Mary's and desired the prayers of the congregation for our brethren in the West Indies, who were suffering under the most galling oppression. He proposed, as a subject for a prize, the question, *An liceat nolentes in servitutem dare?* The prize was won by Thomas Clarkson. The facts gathered by Clarkson, often at the risk of his life, formed the ammunition with which, after years of effort, Wilberforce beat down the most determined antagonism. E. E. KELLETT

VIOLIN SOLO

A Lady's Child. By ENID STARKIE. *Faber.* 15*s.*

To-morrow Will Come. By E. M. ALMEDINGEN. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Brought Out in Evidence. By WM. BOWYER. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Here are three sensibilities, three autobiography's violin solos caressing the past, wincing and weeping at it. There is always something impenetrable about that "I"; it is the man who knew too much and who never quite lets on all he knows. Who is John? John as he thinks he is? John as his friends think he is? Expressive and candid writers leave one fumbling with the question, when the assertive, melodious solo is finished. I would like to see a new kind of joint autobiography in which the writer presents his life from two points of view. I would like to hear the irony and eagerness of a duet, something which would record the so often disparate but devastating accompaniment through which, in our lives, too carelessly we move.

This thought occurred to me towards the end of Miss Starkie's story of her childhood and schooldays in Edwardian Dublin, when she writes a flattering but sisterly analysis of the characters and careers of the other members of her family. This is the best kind of parlour game:

> Nancy and I have always thought that (Chou-Chou) was more prone to sentimentality than to sentiment, that she confused mere emotionalism with passion. It is her conception of the experience rather than the experience itself which she enjoys. Yet I believe that these emotional states are in their own way sincere, though not profound, as long as they last.

I should like to hear the retort courteous to that, for Miss Starkie writes with a mortal detachment.

Mr. Starkie *père* was the last Commissioner for Education in Ireland under the British regime, a great and sociable Civil Servant and a scholar. Until the European War, the Irish troubles and financial anxiety straightened his life, he was leading the happy life of a responsible official in an easy, various and lively society. The cheerful Irish world collapsed and he said, as he died, that he pitied the younger generation. The cushions of Edwardian Dublin were worn out. The Irish upper middle class had been living on a blessed overdraft; it was called in. And in few of those houses which looked out on to the Mediterranean beauties of Dublin Bay, was there any assurance of a serene future. A sedate but easy existence in which French governesses, German governesses, tutors, classical scholarships, music and the Castle made a pleasant formal decoration, had prepared the young for a world in which character would be no more than its own reward, and accomplishment a curiosity. The young Starkies were all accomplished, especially in music, but almost all let their gifts go when the sort of life which they had been brought up in, fell to pieces.

Comparing their life with its opposite number in England, one perceives that the Irish middle class were still Victorian. They had the Victorian warmth. Self-discipline had not given place to vulgar hypocrisies or the arthritic jerks of English restraint. On the other hand, there was a fatal innocence, an inner primness which has always weakened the Irish Catholic's assumption of a Continental as distinct from an English tradition. Like the Mediterranean aspect and climate of Killiney Bay, there is something of the fluke about that assumption. Still, life was easy. Mr. Starkie rose and edited Aristophanes before breakfast with the stern assiduity of a Victorian statesman; but custom allowed him and the other males of Killiney the privilege of bathing naked from the public shore. There were fast aunts who smelled of Turkish tobacco, and if the elders were severe about Confession and the building of character, there was Rabelais in the library and sometimes on the tongue. The innocence comes out in many things but above all in the received ideas on which the elders lived. A French governess was admired for behaving like the devil, because *that* was French! That she nearly drove one child to suicide and was a fanatic and a sadist, no one seemed to notice. The gulf between children and parents was not one of age or emotion, but was of all things social. This may account for a touch of chilliness, something a little governessy in Miss Starkie's record, but she is, as will be remembered, the exceedingly thorough and alert critic of Baudelaire and Rembrandt, and in the large collection of vanished worlds with which autobiography is now supplying us, *A Lady's Child*, is a very complete, lively and intelligent composition.

To-morrow Will Come is a less assured piece of work, but it is very curious and very moving. The Starkies had will, gifts and temperament; Miss Almedingen had little but the last twitchings of the instinct of self-preservation. Her book describes her girlhood in Russia during the European War and the revolution. You get a picture, not of great events, but of what happens to people who are too small, too helpless for great events to notice, and who survive by an almost morbid yielding and patience. There is an evident streak of masochism in the awkwardness and dependence of this author's character. The child of a Russian father and English mother, she was a lost soul. She survived starvation itself, one supposes, by sheer anonymity and helplessness. As this is how thousands scrape through with their lives, her narrative has an exceptional interest, for it is also the story of the recovery of courage. I have read few stranger descriptions of what revolution feels like, than her record of the descent from genteel poverty to penury, starvation, rags, the hospital and the street. Somehow she survived. Her bitterness about Russia must no doubt be traced to her relations with her father; for she was pretty well treated by the suspicious authorities; but that is not the important side of her book. Where it is new and original is in its self-portrait.

The best part of Mr. Wm. Bowyers' *Brought Out in Evidence* describes a terrifying and

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sordid childhood in the slums of Battersea and Fulham during the 'nineties. This is a page out of Gissing, a picture of a family flinching before a maniacal father. His rages were especially frightening because they were silent. He would sit in silence for months on end. Such a childhood left inevitably an impression of evil which could never be forgotten, and the rest of Mr. Bowyer's book describes his struggle with the problem and his intellectual growth. We go through his discovery of art and literature, his transition from Wells to Shaw, from Shaw to Diaghiley, and so on, and Mr. Bowyer reveals a mind of high distinction and taste. Unhappily he is a diffuse and wordy writer, and while a coherent philosophy of life does emerge, a philosophy which owes a good deal to Wm. James, it appears to pour shapelessly out of a void. In autobiography, opinions divorced from life come in the end to look like a smoke screen, and the living figure becomes vaguer and dimmer as philosophy thickens.

V. S. PRITCHETT

TOPOLSKI

Britain in Peace and War. By FELIKS TOPOLSKI. Introduction by JAMES LAVER. *Methuen.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

One disappointment of the various War Artists' Exhibitions at the National Gallery has been the absence of the reporter, the illustrator of events. Cameras have superseded sketch-books; and a set piece such as "The Evacuation of Dunkirk," not only fails to excite the eye, but misses the tragic contacts of the newsreel. With some of these war artists one feels that the genre is outdated, with others that a more individual imagination has failed to carry over from peace into war. Aesthetically considered, most painters are by nature isolationist. They make the effort, they do their bit when the time comes, but that's all. Mr. Nash's giant bombers, for example, hung in gloom or crumpled on a hillside are considerably less impressive than his private bone-and-dawn fantasies; even the ruined houses of Graham Sutherland, splendid though they are, trace a rich and tragic pattern in solitude.

Here and there, though, the illustrator with an eye and a story pops up. For him, as for us, common life goes on in the thick of events. Only perhaps those who have been amused, outraged, touched, delighted, and obsessed by the spectacle of humanity can preserve the warm continuity we require from all but the greatest artists in wartime. An eye wedded to multitudes, to styles and changes in living, is likely to remain both sharp and sympathetic; in times when tragedy rises to the surface, superficiality may even be an asset.

Superficial in this sense Topolski unquestionably is. He skims the glitter off a scene and flings it on paper with a gesture. He exults in shows, Derby Day or the rush hour, bringing to them the appraising glance of a fancier at Crofts. Here, we feel, as he disengages a prancer from the crowd, is a Dandie Dinmont or King Charles; there, a bull-dog hobbles to his bus, a peke bristles and upbraids. Crowds: he loves the gaping moments and hesitations of the human aggregate as it coils itself along streets, round monuments, up the staircases of a theatre. His people, when you come nearer, are either monsters or wisps; and probably the quality that appeals to him most is bravado. This collection of drawings, *Britain in Peace and War*, begins with the Coronation, and there is a superb comic elegance in the swanking cavalry and the bandmasters flinging their feet—the last seen from tarmac level. A dancing horseguard is momentarily attended by a roadsweeper with brush and pan.

Britain in Peace and War starts with the Coronation year and ends with a London in ruins. Much the same qualities of townscape and human incident prevail to the last, though the toffs and the paycocks have vanished and war produces fresh attitudes: the fireman on his ladder, rush hours with the bomber overhead. Compare "Haymarket" (p. 31) with "Twilight 1940" (p. 95). The first is a pre-war glimpse of flurry during the theatre hour. Parties in evening dress are sweeping their way across that most dangerous of thoroughfares; a mounted policeman holds back the traffic at one point, a commissionaire with raised hand creates an eddy round a car awkwardly halted in mid-road; and the artist's impatience has added a swirl to the lines of surroundings. In the second picture, twilight has acquired a new bleakness and fixity; the traffic that once threatened our safety is absent; but we feel a vaster threat in the quiet street, the railed-off portion of road, the family hurrying with prams in the foreground. Topolski's originality as an artist—whether he is giving a portrait of an individual or an impression of a scene—consists of discovering style in turmoil. He can extract a wild elegance, a dilapidated beauty from almost any corner of town life. The "state of chassis" may seem, in his drawings of peacetime, somewhat wilfully imposed, and war has had the opposite effect of chastening fancy and substituting the heroic for the grotesque. Topolski has an exceptional versatility, and his mannerist style hints at many sources, from the Italian Seicento to Cruickshank and Constantin Guys. He does, however, strike a personal balance, which makes this collection something more than a record of *choses vues*. He can snatch moments from a shifting scene and he has elaborated a shorthand for conveying larger changes. How that shorthand will be read (if at all) by future generations one can't guess, but it tells a story to-day.

G. W. STONIER

ON MOUNTAINS

Over Welsh Hills. By F. S. SMYTHE. *Black.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Mountain Vision. By F. S. SMYTHE. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 18*s.*

Snowdonia, Through the Lens. By W. A. POUCHER. *Chapman and Hall.* 18*s.*

The Castles of Caernarvon and Harlech and Criccieth and before them the Roman roads and camps, reminders of past strife, served to intensify the peacefulness of life in 1939. How different now. The sands and beaches, deserted by holiday parties, are peopled by regiments of wired poles. The roads and lanes are more empty than ever, but at intervals barricades are ready and coils of barbed wire sprawl everywhere. Yet in spite of these preparations the country is the same, and for lovers of our hills and mountains F. S. Smythe's new collection of photographs taken during a holiday in North Wales last Christmas will prove a source of delight.

One may in the past have preferred the warmer lowlands in winter, but in *Over Welsh Hills* a new beauty is given to familiar peaks that makes them look intolerably tempting. This is not a collection of photographs of beauty spots—Aber Glaslyn and the Swallow Falls find no place, although mentioned in the text, but Snowdon is there in all its glory, and so, too, is Cnicht, less famous but from many viewpoints more impressive; and seeing Mr. Smythe's photographs of it and reading his tribute, one feels a new pleasure in having sat on its top. Oddly enough, this is Mr. Smythe's first collection of photographs of English country.

The Mountain Vision is not for those who are caught in to-day's whirl and who must keep pace with it. The calmness of mountains, not their terror, is emphasised. The climb on the Tofana di Roces is thrilling enough, and the account of a jump, from a standing start across a bergschrund, in the Stubai Alps, is completed by the simple remark: "I deserved to be dead, but I was still alive;" but it is not on these that Mr. Smythe dwells. In a book, by the way, that deals so much with Mt. Blanc and Everest, it is strange that there should be photographs of neither.

The Mountain Vision is not devoted to one aspect of climbing, but is a record of Mr. Smythe's impressions in this country, in the Alps and the Himalayas, and as such should appeal not only to the lover of mountains, but to everyone who enjoys good reading.

It is interesting to compare *Snowdonia, Through the Lens*, with Mr. Smythe's book on North Wales, for although both have photographed the same part of the country, there is no real duplication; apart from the different viewpoints, some of Mr. Poucher's were taken in spring and autumn, while all Mr. Smythe's

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were taken with snow on the hills. I disagree profoundly with the remark under one picture (31), "Of course, this scene would have been improved by a figure," and for me the Snowdon Panorama (54) is completely spoilt by the man in a mackintosh in the foreground.

Here, then, are books written by men who know North Wales intimately. The books are complementary, not rivals. Mr. Smythe writes chiefly of his own experiences and impressions. Mr. Poucher is more general and gives more local detail. Both are admirable companions, and it is difficult to choose between them.

T. E. NICHOLSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 615

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for the best half dozen false etymologies. An example of the kind of thing required occurred in an earlier competition when Quisling was defined as coming from the Latin *Quis lingit*: a lickspittle.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, Nov. 24th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 612

Set by William Whitebait

We offer the usual prizes for new light on famous characters and scenes in fiction. A description by Mr. Collins of his visit to the Bennet family, Mr. Stiggins on the subject of Weller *père et fils*, a fragment from the unpublished diary of Malvolio or M. de Charlus: this is the sort of line competitors are asked to take, and they may choose their own subjects. Limit 250 words.

Report by William Whitebait

Competitors have been busy and ingenious in devising new light for old situations. Chaucer's host had some revelations to make about the Wife of Bath, the cream of which was that she had once lodged at the Tabard and confessed to him, between sips of fresh milk, that she had never had more than one husband (W. J. Halliday). The Ancient Mariner had to go home empty-handed, his tale told, to a slave-driving spouse:

I've done my best a wedding guest
To terrify to death.

I told a tale that turned him pale
Of the albatross's curse,
With all the thrills and eerie frills
You've heard me oft rehearse.

But oh my dear, you'll hate to hear
It did not work to plan;
His heart I wrung, but I could wring
No money from the man.

(Stanley French)

La Belle Dame Sans Merci, in reply to the Knight-at-Arms, related a sad story of another knight who had ruthlessly eaten her rare fruits and kissed her until she had been obliged to put him asleep with her wand (Nancy Gunter).

The best of the Shakespearian situations was a Hamlet bent on spending his exile in England and being deterred, while still off-shore, by the fogs (Stanley J. Sharpless); a Malvolio revealing in his prison diary an Amiel-like sensibility and capability of self-torture (A. Deacon); a Lady Macbeth doing her best to divert suspicions from a schizophrenic husband (James Sotherland); a Bottom returning from fairy dews to be dumped in a mustard-bath by Mrs. Bottom (A. Kelk); a Fortinbras invading Denmark after the Hitler model (N. L. P.); and—most ingenious and far-fetched—an extract from an anti-slavery debate in the House of Commons drawing attention to the atrocities being practised by an Italian dictator on the island of Setebos (M. Snow).

Adumbrations of Dickens were almost as numerous. I liked best the letter from Snodgrass to a friend complaining that he couldn't stand Pickwick's interminable binges and bad jokes, and that the last Christmas at Wardle's had made him ill and miserable for a year (Stephen Penny). Mrs. Gamp soliloquised in a drunken slumber about Betsy Prig, Mrs. Harris, Mr. Dickings and all (Jason). Stiggins brought an action against Weller *père* for throwing him out of the Marquis of Granby.

Jancites produced some highly convincing letters passing between Mr. Collins and his patroness. There was a rather unconvincing attempt by "Petty Officer" to denigrate Robinson Crusoe (his voyages had started, it seems, with a peculiarly repulsive murder in Aldgate).

On the whole, from a widely varied but not very highflying set of entries, I recommend that the first prize go to Pontifex and the second to Winifred Greenfield. The Munchausen episode, though it scarcely fulfils the terms of the competition by throwing "new light" on its subject, seems to me worthy of compensation money. Towanbucket's "Diary of Miss Prism" also has amusing though not unexpected passages:

"The conversation was largely meteorological, horticultural and metaphorical; but the propriety of the matters discussed and the uniform delicacy of the dear Doctor's conduct could not conceal the fact that his feelings for me were More than Those of a Friend. Even though his bee-and-honeysuckle metaphor was impeccably impersonal and undeniably trite, its employment spoke volumes for the direction in which his thoughts were moving."

FIRST PRIZE

JENNY ON D. G. ROSSETTI

("*I wonder what you're thinking of,*" D. G. R. on Jenny.)

You think I'm sleeping, Mr. R.
That only shows how wrong you are!
Not likely I'd drop off, myself,
Before your guinea's on the shelf.
A girl must live; and who's to blame
If there's no credit in this game?
Still writing? You're *that* kind of man?
Well, let's be cosy while we can.
Though I must say I do not care
For all these poets with long hair,
And painters with their rings and cloaks;
I never really like their jokes.
Look what they done to poor Miss S.
She's like a living ghost, I guess.
Just for a painting, so they say,
They lay her in her bath all day.
There's Mr. Swinburne—you should see
The verses what he wrote for me.
They really are—well, not quite nice.
I wouldn't care to read them twice.
Some pictures I could take to. Once
I saw a show of Mr. Hunt's,
And Mr. Millais' and Rossetti's
At least aren't rude like Mr. Etty's.

At last. He's closed his little book.
I've half a mind to take a look.
What, going now?
Well, there's a ninny!
I never earned an easier guinea! PONTIFEX

SECOND PRIZE

THE BARON COMES TO ENGLAND

I had not seen my friend, Baron Münchhausen, since the beginning of the war, and had only heard that he held an important position in the enemy's Coastal Defence. You can imagine both my pleasure and my surprise when I met him in Regent Street the other day.

We had been talking some time, before it occurred to me to enquire about his journey to England.

"I wonder if you remember J—? We have always remained close friends, and communicate with each other by means of a short-wave set. I always carry mine on the lapel of my great-coat.

"One night we were peppering your men during a raid, when I received a message from J— to go to him at once. I walked up to a gunner, and told him to attach a piece of knotted rope to the next shell. He seemed surprised but said nothing.

"I took a few steps forward, and as the shell emerged, caught hold of the rope. I soon noticed that the path of the shell was at rather too obtuse an angle for my purpose, but this was easily adjusted with a slight kick. As we passed within a foot of a British bomber, I climbed on to the tail. I was with J— half an hour after receiving his message."

I suddenly felt in need of a drink, so suggested that we should celebrate his safe arrival.

WINIFRED GREENFIELD

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